

The Slave Girl Diet

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Prologue: Collar World

Collar World (aka Earth 3) is an alternate timeline that split off from our Earth timeline (Earth 2) in the early days of the Roman Empire, when Rome attempted and failed to conquer Greece.

Collar World in modern times is a much more technologically and socially advanced world than our Earth. Also, everyone on Collar World is what we would call kinky (they think of BDSM the way we think of normal sex).

A few years ago, a college student named Ariana Heppelwhite was accidentally transported from our world to Collar World due to a physics experiment gone wrong (in “The Visitor from Incel World”). After about a week of sexy adventures, she returned to Earth due to “the snapback,” as the link between worlds are always temporary.

Collar World scientists caught a lucky break and were able to create crosstime gates to our Earth long before our Earth scientists did. Collar World leaders, being peaceful and advanced, wanted nothing to do with our Earth, but realized that we would invade Collar World if we ever developed crosstime gate technology. They launched a massive spying effort to forestall war with us. With the help of some daring spies on Collar World and Earth, they succeeded in preventing a crosstime war from breaking out... for now (in “The Love Invasion.”)

This story is set a few years after those events. Relations between Collar World and our Earth have normalized since then, with people visiting Earth from Collar World and people visiting Collar World from Earth for all sorts of reasons having nothing to do with diplomacy or high-level scientific and trade negotiations.

Relations are still tense, however. Earth is still run by the same set of sociopathic grifters and their paranoid intelligence agencies as before, and they’re scared senseless of the collar climax slavegirls who run Collar World. But there are certain needs that overwhelm the needs of nations, and losing weight is definitely one of the them.

Chapter 1

“They say they’re geniuses but has anyone ever seen them genius?”

“I don’t know what I’m going to do,” Chloe Dahl said over her third glass of wine at the Feathers Dinery. “I can’t lose the weight. I thought when they turned back my clock I’d have more energy and I do, and I exercise more, but now my appetite has gone up too. Way up.”

“I know what you mean,” said Chloe’s good friend Dana Ellsworth, who was only on her second glass of wine. “The pounds come on so easy, and they go away so hard.”

“You’d think if they could turn back our clocks and make us younger again, they could make the pounds that we got as we grew older go away, too. But noooo,” said Olivia Boll, who was clocking along on her fourth glass of wine and was doing just fine, in her opinion.

“My doctor said it’s evolution’s fault,” said Carmen Onikawa, who was on her second glass and feeling fine. “He said evolution designed our bodies to get us through long periods of famine. Dieting used to be something that didn’t happen by choice. And if the food didn’t show up eventually, you just died. That’s why our bodies cling so hard to fat stores, it’s trying to keep us from starving to death in the famines that don’t happen any more.”

“Well, not for the upper classes anyway,” Olivia laughed. Nobody else did. The famines were worrisome.

“Oh, that bit about dieting not being by choice in the old days reminds me, you all remember Jen Walthers,” said Dana. “She has lost over 80 pounds and kept it off for a year now. She thinks she will never get it back. She said she did it by going to some diet clinic on Collar World.”

“Collar World! No!” cried Chloe.

“Yes!” said Dana.

“So what did they do to her?” asked Olivia. “Did she tell?”

“I couldn’t have paid her not to,” said Dana. “They locked her in a cage and fed her slave gruel and water and nothing else and did nothing but torture her on exotic bondage machines all day.”

“Oh, bullshit,” said Olivia.

“Definitely bullshit,” Chloe agreed.

“What bullshit? That’s what Collar World people DO with women,” said Dana. “They make slavegirls out of them. That’s what Jen said they did to her. And now she wears a collar all the time.”

“So if I were to call Jen and tell her what you said she wouldn’t say it was bullshit?” Olivia asked.

“Yes,” said Dana.

Olivia got out her phone. Dana rolled her eyes. Olivia punched up a number from her contact list and spoke.

“Hey, Jen, have you got a minute?” Olivia asked.

“Sure, but not much more than that,” said Jen.

“Fine, this won’t take long,” said Olivia.

“Chloe, Carmen and Dana are here with me. Dana says that you went to Collar World for a diet program of some kind that was very successful, and that the program consisted of putting you in a cage for the duration and feeding you nothing but slave gruel and water for the duration, and also that they put you on bondage machines and tortured you all the time.”

“Ah, OK,” said Jen. “Dana got everything right except for the torture part. I don’t know where she got that from. I certainly didn’t say so.”

“But you said bondage machines constantly!” said Dana.

“Yes, I did say I was put on bondage machines a lot, and it’s true, but it wasn’t to be tortured,” said Jen. “It was to make me feel helpless and give me lots of orgasms. Which it did.”

“Oh, come on, did you have any choice about it?” Dana asked.

“Yes,” said Jen. “Before they took me into the program they told me about what they’d do. They gave me a tour of the facilities and showed me women in the cages on the bondage machines. And also outside the cages on the bondage machines. I knew exactly what I was getting into, and what would be getting into me, and there was a LOT of it. But once I was signed up, the only way I could leave the kennel was by losing the agreed-upon weight, barring illness, insanity, injury or something like that.”

“But...” Dana said.

“But me no buts, that’s what happened, gotta go now,” said Jen. “Been nice talking to you!”

And she disconnected.

“Holy cow,” Chloe murmured. She was gazing at her phone screen. “Has anyone seen Jen recently?”

She held up her phone and showed it to everyone else at the table. It was a picture of Jen in a skimpy bikini. She looked absolutely great, slim waist, curvy hips and large breasts, but very nice legs and she was clearly very fit.

“She’s got a collar around her neck,” said Dana.

“So she does,” said Chloe. It was a heavy copper band with a ring dangling in front of it. Since the Collar World invasion, everyone knew the difference between a collar and a necklace very well. Whether you wore a necklace or a collar said a lot about you politically all of a sudden.

“Jen used to look like me,” Chloe said softly.

“Jen used to look like all of us,” said Carmen. “Now she looks like a porn actress.”

“Well they probably broke her in Collar World, she’d probably do anything, including porn,” Dana said.

“I’m afraid your cred in matters relating to Jen is shot,” said Olivia.

“What, you heard Jen say I was right about practically everything,” said Dana.

“Yeah, everything except the torture, which was the part none of us was buying,” said Carmen. “Everybody knows Collar Worlders put women in cages, everybody knows they put women in bondage when they have sex with them, but nobody ever claimed they tortured women.”

“I dunno, being forced to have orgasms for hours against your will might just qualify, and Jen admitted to that,” said Dana.

“Jen didn’t exactly sound unhappy about the orgasms,” said Chloe. “And she said she signed up for it.”

“Of course she’d say that, they broke her mentally while they had her in that cage, just like I’ve been telling you,” Dana replied.

“If it was so horrible, why did she sign up for it after she saw the other women undergoing the orgasm ‘torture’?” Carmen asked.

"I could stand a little orgasm torture," Chloe murmured, still looking at pics of a very healthy and happy looking Jen.

"She signed up for it because she was desperate," said Dana. "Her desire to lose weight overrode her common sense."

"Understandable," murmured Chloe.

"No, not understandable, pathetic," said Dana. "Look at us, we all fought so hard to become the successful women that we are, and Collar World is a repudiation of all of it!"

"Don't women run Collar World?" Carmen asked. "As I understand it, most of its government consists of women who've had that whole Collar Climax thing going for them."

"Oh, that bullshit," Dana said. "Don't fall for it! You know damn well that the women in Collar World are so cock-addled that they'll do anything their Masters tell them to. So what if a woman in nominally the Premier or whatever they call themselves, when they'll say and do whatever their Master tells them to."

"Have you ever met a Collar Climax slave from Collar World?" Carmen asked.

"No, of course not, who has?" Dana asked.

"I have," said Carmen. "One came to our campus to speak on socialism, and I was her guide while she was on campus. She was ... formidable. Not that she was overbearing or demanding or anything, but she just gave you that sense that she would not take guff from anyone. I do not think Collar Climax slavegirls do whatever their Master says, like it or not."

"Come on, Carmen, they're self-admitted slavegirls, and slavegirls do and say what their Masters want, it's the single defining trait of slavegirls," Dana said.

"I've seen plenty of Collar World slavegirls on TV," Chloe said. "They didn't seem like broken women to me. They seemed very happy and healthy and aware and so forth. More so than most other women."

"Sure, it's easy to seem happy and healthy and so forth when you're perpetually young, dumb and full of cum," said Dana. "And that's what the Masters of Collar World do to women, they render them perpetually young, dumb and full of cum."

"Dumb?" Carmen asked. "The Collar World people ascribe most of their advantages in

technology and social organization to the fact that Collar Climax slavegirls are smarter or at least more mature than anyone else.”

“Oh, those Collar Climax slavegirls are just for show,” said Dana. “They say they’re geniuses but has anyone ever seen them genius?”

“We haven’t seen them genius, but millions of people have taken the trip to Collar Worlds, including a lot of scientists, and they say the place is way better off than Earth,” said Carmen. “They have little or no air pollution. No global warming. People live longer and are healthier and happier. They work less than we do and are just as productive as we are, if not more so. They’ve got a world government, not a bunch of warring nations, and all indications are they’re not lying when they say they’ve haven’t experienced war for centuries. Their technology is way ahead of ours. Face it Dana, all the evidence is on their side.”

“Sure, they got ahead of us on tech,” said Dana. “But that doesn’t mean they’re better than us. The Nazis made better tanks than anyone in World War II, but they were still the Nazis.”

Chloe rolled her eyes.

“You say Jen has kept the weight off for the last year?” she asked.

“Yeah, but...” said Dana.

“But me no buts,” said Chloe. “When I got the rejuv treatments, I wanted to be returned to the body I had when I was young, and all I got was a younger version of my fat body. That’s not what I wanted. I want what Jen has.”

“You may be able to get your old body back by going to Collar World,” said Dana. “But you won’t be able to get your old self back. You’ll be a Collar World slavegirl.”

“Oh, I dunno,” said Chloe. “You said they were all young, dumb and full of cum. Well, I was pretty young, dumb and full of cum in my youth. It was great. I think I’d enjoy it even more now.”

Everybody laughed. It was funny because it was true, of all of them except maybe Dana.

Chapter 2

“A literal hellhole where women are brainwashed from birth to be the total sex slaves of men, denied clothing, denied dignity of any kind, forced to whore themselves on the streets for nothing.”

“Mrs. Dahl, we’d love to have you as a client, but you must understand what it entails,” said Vall Feddek, a sales representative for the Collar World Slavegirl Diet Collective, as they sat in the sales office. Like almost every woman and some of the men in the office and elsewhere on Collar World, she was mostly naked. She was a slavegirl. “The rules are different here.”

“I know, I’ve talked about it with one of your former clients, Jen Walthers,” said Chloe. “I’ve got a pretty good idea what’s involved. We’re old friends, and she was very forthcoming.”

“Knowing about it second-hand is one thing, seeing is another,” said Vall.

“Agreed,” said Chloe.

Vall looked surprised.

“What a reasonable thing to say,” said Vall.

“You don’t encounter reasonable people here?” Chloe asked.

“Not from Earth,” said Vall. “Generally they’re either so determined to get the weight off that they don’t care what we do and don’t want to do about it, or they’re totally uninformed and at the first hint of what goes on here they’re back on Earth so fast the subatomic particles can’t keep up with them. You’re the first one who’s bothered to do any research and yet you are willing to admit that what you see here may change things.”

“Weird,” said Chloe. “I am desperate to get the weight off, though, to be frank.”

“Of course you are,” said Vall. “Nobody comes here who isn’t desperate to get the weight off, even the skittish ones.”

“Doesn’t the whole slavegirl thing attract some women?” asked Chloe.

“Of course,” said Vall. “But if being a slavegirl is what brings a woman here, the weight is

generally a minor issue. It goes away almost of its own accord.”

“How is that?” Chloe asked.

“You talked at length to a graduate of our diet kennel and you don’t know?” Vall asked.

“I don’t know, I would guess that the Masters control their diets and fuck their brains out for hours on end, regularly,” said Chloe.

“Bingo,” said Vall. “Plus they put them on exercise regimens if they think they need one, and many Earth women do. Not that the exercise regimens are onerous. They consist of fun things like going swimming and dancing and playing at sports.”

“Clever,” said Chloe.

“Not really,” said Vall. “Masters and Mistresses like fun, too.”

“Will I have to serve Mistresses sexually while I’m here?” Chloe asked.

“Not unless you want to, IF we accept you,” said Vall. “We respect our clients’ sexuality.”

“What if my sexuality is chastity?” Chloe asked.

“Then we wouldn’t accept you,” said Vall.

“Our weight loss program works in the long term because we don’t just reduce your food intake, we also substitute your appetite for food with an appetite for sex. If you’re naturally chaste it won’t work, and we won’t take you just for a temporary result. You can get temporary results on Earth easily enough.”

“Fair enough,” said Chloe. “I know that women who lose weight and keep it off for more than five years are rarer than hen’s teeth on my world. But overweight women are rare here on Collar World. And it’s the whole substituting sex for eating thing, is it?”

“Not entirely,” said Vall. “A lot of it is, we lead a healthier lifestyle. When we switched away from fossil fuels hundreds of years ago, we built our cities so we could get around mostly by bicycle and on foot, rather than with cars. That made a huge difference in terms of fitness and hence, health, for the overall population. It became part of the culture. We get around on electric bikes now and ride electric cars, but we only ride cars when we’re injured or sick or the weather is bad. And of course, there is all the sex. We have a lot more of it than you do.”

“Yes, Jen said you all considered Earth people to be sex-starved, male and female,” Chloe said. “And as an Earth woman, I must admit, you’ve got a point.”

“We call your planet Incel World, but Celibate World is more like it,” said Vall. “Men and women on your planet have a terrible time getting laid. It’s your culture, we know it’s not you individually, except of course your culture has its effect on you as individuals.”

“What do you mean by ‘it’s our culture’?” Chloe asked.

“Ok, one thing that really leaps out at us about Incel World is, we have free use girls here on Collar World,” said Vall, “and they go out and have sex with just about everyone and they have a great time and so does just about everyone and it’s just a completely cool thing to do and everyone here is fine with it and most women have done it, a lot in most cases. On Incel World a woman who goes out and has sex with everyone is shamed and called a slut, except by men who want to have sex with her, which many do because they’re sex-starved as hell, even worse than the women. Except that the men they have sex with will frequently turn around and shame them as what you call “sluts” which is a pejorative term on your world. So the women who actually might help men get laid are shamed for it. It’s insane, at least, to us on Collar World.”

“Yeah, it doesn’t make sense to a lot of us, either,” said Chloe.

“Oh we know what causes it,” said Vall. “It’s religion, your world is still infested with it. Your sexual conduct is poisoned by Bronze Age sexual attitudes that are trapped in your religions like ancient poisons trapped in amber. We got rid of religion centuries ago, and things have been so much better ever since.”

“Yeah, I’ll tell everyone to drop religion next time I’m on my world,” said Chloe. “I’m sure they’ll drop it like a hot potato when they hear that Collar World disapproves.”

“Point taken,” said Vall. “It’s what’s fucking your sexual culture up, but it won’t kill all of you like climate change will if you don’t get a handle on it. In any event, we’ll help you out with that whole getting laid thing if we accept you.”

“What if I don’t accept you?” Chloe asked.

"Then no go, of course," said Vall. "But you will. I've interviewed a lot of prospective Incel World clients, I know when one is serious or not, and you are very serious. But let's go see what you'll be in for. Once you see and smell what we'll do to you, maybe you'll back off. But I don't think you will. You want to lose that weight, and I don't blame you, looking at maybe hundreds of years trapped under fat. We can have you out from under it inside four months. Nothing else scares you more than that."

Chloe nodded.

"No, nothing else does," said Chloe. "I've dieted for decades. I have extraordinary will power, I know that, but it just hasn't worked, my own body fights me, it fights me like a banshee. And I'm afraid it will win, because it does win back on Earth. I can get the weight off but it comes back. Every last time it defeats me."

"I know, you're fighting millions of years of evolution in an environment where delicious food is cheap and plentiful," said Vall. "We can definitely change that situation for you. Come on."

Chloe was suddenly nervous. Somehow, she felt she had completely lost control of the situation and she wasn't even chained in a cage. Was this how the Collar World people did it? It was scary, they just seemed to know everything.

"C'mon, let's tour the kennels now," said Vall. "See what you're about to volunteer for."

There was a certain knowing tone to Vall's voice as she rose from her desk. Like most Collar World women, she wore nothing but a collar, cuffs and ankle shackles. She was a slavegirl herself. And like most Collar World women, she was slim and fit.

"What do you do for exercise?" Chloe asked.

"Oh, the usual, lots of prolonged fucking by my Master and I also get around on a bicycle, mostly," said Vall. "Very rewarding."

Chloe looked at her retreating bubble butt of a backside. Very rewarding, indeed.

They walked out of the administrative offices to a long hallway with doors at infrequent intervals. Chloe entered the first door on the right.

"These are the actual kennels where you will be caged when not in use," said Vall. Chloe saw a room full of cages, iron cages that were tall enough to stand or lie in comfortably. Inside each cage was

a commode, a comfortable-looking lounge chair, a small desk and chair, and a cot with a mattress and sheets. And on the exterior of each cell, next to the door was an LED display, which was blank on all the empty cells.

Most of the cells were empty at this hour, but a few had occupants. They were mostly women like Chloe, i.e., seriously overweight though some were only somewhat overweight and one looked trim and fit. And they were all stark naked, collared, cuffed and shackled. Most were reading or watching tablets and laptops or on their phones. One of them looked up and saw Vall and Chloe. She stood up and walked to her cell, clutching the bars, her large breasts oozing between them.

"Please, you've got to let me out of here!" she cried. "I want out! I quit!"

"You know the rules, slave," said Vall, glancing at LED display on the outside of the woman's cage. "You get to leave when you've lost 117 pounds and not a moment before."

Chloe looked at the LED display and saw the name "Saanvi" and beneath a series of number: pulse, blood pressure, oxygenation, the usual things you'd see in a hospital room. Also her weight, 237 pounds.

"Oh, please, for God's sake I'm starving here!" Saanvi cried. She had huge eyes that were made for pleading and she was using them to their utmost. "I know I said I wanted this but I give up!"

"You gave up your right to give up your diet when you signed up for this," said Vall. "Now hush or I'll have you gagged with one of the non-goo gags."

Saanvi, whose mouth was open to protest, quickly shut her mouth, but her eyes continued to beg.

"Gags are such handy items here, you'll learn to love them," Vall observed. "Now if you sign with us you'll be staying in one of these cages, dressed as Saanvi is, and any pleas you have for release will be responded to in the same way I responded to Saanvi's. You really will not be allowed to quit."

"Ah," said Chloe, looking at Saanvi who clearly had MUCH she wanted to say but was also clearly afraid that Vall would carry through on her threat. And of course Vall would follow through, here on Collar World. Gagging was absolutely

routine, she had seen women walking around with gags in their mouths on the way to the diet kennels, and in them, who clearly thought nothing of it. Of course, they'd also been naked and clearly thought nothing of that either.

This planet was so weird.

And it was freaking her out. It wasn't so much the Collar World women all naked and gagged, that was part of Collar World's weirdness. It was the naked, overweight Earth women in these cells, collared and cuffed. That really brought it home. These women were like her. She might be one of them. Vall seemed certain she would be. And the way Saanvi had shut up at the mere threat of being gagged. The implication was clear: if Saanvi had not shut up, men would have come in and locked a gag on her, like it or not.

The rules were different on Collar World. Scary different.

And another part of her thought, "And that's why this diet will work."

"Ok, that takes care of housing," said Vall.

"Let's check out the kitchen next."

Vall led Chloe to a set of swinging doors and walked in. They found a busy industrial kitchen with two people doing all the cooking although they were mostly overseeing because most of the work was automated. The raw material was fresh vegetables of various sorts. Most were familiar to Chloe, though a few were not.

"The vegetables we select are high in fiber, vitamins, minerals and nutrients, but very low in carbohydrates," said Vall. "No or very little in the way of grains and cereals. We have low-carb meats as well. Doru, do we have any of today's slave gruel ready?"

"Got a sample bowl or two," said Doru. "Want a taste?"

"That would be very nice," said Vall.

Doru was a short women with one of those fireplug bodies that was extremely powerful. Her waist was not narrow but her torso was solid muscle. When people went around naked all the time, you noticed things like that. That and their shaven pussies and the large rings attached to their labia, like Doru had.

Doru handed Vall and Chloe two small bowls. No spoon. Chloe watched Vall and saw that she

sipped the cup's contents like it was coffee, and Chloe did the same.

It was not coffee, it was a chunky vegetable stew, and it was delicious.

"This tastes wonderful!" Chloe exclaimed. As an expert chef with a very well-trained palate, Chloe was accustomed to being disappointed when she tasted other people's cooking. She was really surprised at how good this food tasted. The term "slave gruel" had conjured up something bland and with a gummy texture. This was anything but.

"It's not an accident," said Vall. "We know that when you return to Earth you're going to be faced with all sorts of delicious foods. If we fed you bland, tasteless food, you would find them hard to resist. So your food will be delicious here, though light on carbs. Wait'll you taste the Goo."

"Goo," said Chloe dubiously.

"Much like slave gruel, the name is misleading," said Vall.

"Glad to hear it," said Chloe. "You must never be put in charge of writing a menu."

"I'll give you that," said Vall. "Let's go look at the workout room, where the exercise happens."

"Is the exercise room a name like slave gruel is a name?" Chloe asked.

"I would say 'Yes,' but opinions vary," said Vall.

"I bet they vary a lot," said Chloe.

Vall just smiled.

They went to a door that had no doors farther down the hallway, so a large room because there was a lot of hallway. They entered and found a room full of bondage machines. Many of them held naked women in place via various ropes, straps, chains, bands, hooks and catches.

It was like a cross between a modern gym and a medieval dungeon. There wasn't any blood, but there was a lot of sweat and drool and some muffled screaming and tons of moaning. And there was also squirming and writhing and wriggling and thrashing.

Also some laughter. But not casual laughter, screaming laughter.

Chloe looked about, her eyes big as saucers. Vall let Chloe take it all in. And there was much to take in.

Directly to Chloe's left, a naked woman squatted on a sybian, her wrist cuffs connected

behind her. Her head was enclosed in straps that were attached via a horizontal pole to a machine that was mounted on a vertical pole behind her, her ankle cuffs were tied to rings at the base of the sybian. The machine move the horizontal pole in and out, forcing the woman's head back and forth making her mouth slide across the surface of the dildo that was in her mouth. She was not just letting the dildo rape her mouth, she was sucking it enthusiastically. Vall glanced down at her. "Look at her, what a Goo-getter she is."

Looking at the woman, Chloe had no idea what Vall meant. She didn't see anything that looked like goo. Though there were some suspicious stains on the top of the sybian where the woman's butt was squirming, maybe that was it.

A satin-skinned black woman caught Chloe's eye. She was hung in midair from a metal bar by some ropes in a very elaborate tie. Her ankles cuffs were tied to ropes that encircled her upper thighs so that her knees were bent almost double. She had ropes around her breasts. Several ropes descended from the metal bar overhead and tied to the ropes on her thighs. Her collar was tied to the ropes coming from the bar, and her hands were cuffed behind her back. She had a round gag of some kind of in her mouth. And there was a dildo in her pussy. It was mounted on a pole whose other end was fixed to a swivel mount set in the floor beneath her. And it was vibrating. A knobby plastic protrusion ensured that the vibrations went where they would do the most good.

Her posture left her precariously balanced. Her collar kept her from flipping completely forward or backward or upside-down, but her legs were in almost constant motion to keep her balance and also because the vibrating dildo lodged in her pussy was agitating her.

"Excellent for the core muscles and the upper thighs," said Vall, catching Chloe's look. "Very strenuous, though, most women don't last long on it."

"Doru ever work out on it?" Chloe asked.

"I don't know," said Vall, "probably not. But with that core of hers she could probably last all day if she wanted to."

The woman in the ropes was a long way from Doru physically, her curvy flesh strained tightly against the ropes. There was a pad hanging from

the ropes, it said her name was Ndendi and it gave her vitals. Every bondage device in the room had such a device, and if a woman was on it, it showed her vitals.

Another woman looked much more comfortable, though not at all relaxed. She was lying bound on a cot against the wall, stretched out full length, face up. Straps enclosed her ankles, knees and upper thighs, holding a wand vibrator in place, its head snug up against her pussy and not at all removable. But very, very active. You could tell it was active because of the way the woman's body constantly shook in her binds, and the soft, muffled moans that escaped from behind the round gag that was held in her mouth by a head harness. Her body thrust and rippled against the tight straps in a vaguely hypnotic way.

"Our machines and bondage techniques create varying levels of activity," said Vall. "That's one of the low activity bondages. Even a newbie can stay in that one for a while. Whereas the one just prior is one of the hardest. We keep track of their monitors, they're set to sound alarms if blood pressure, pulse, etc., go too high or too low or if oxygen depletion occurs. Most of our clients are not particularly fit when they come here at first, and getting them fit without harming them requires constant attention. Fortunately over the years we've developed techniques for the few among us for whom food and inactivity are irresistible."

"How lucky for us Earth women," said Chloe. "What's with her? She's not being molested."

Chloe was referring to one of the fitter-looking women in the room. She was forced into a wide-legged sprawl by a series of metal bars that rose from the floor, enclosing her knees, ankles and wrists in solid metal restraint. A padded seat allowed her to rest comfortably on her butt. She had a round gag in her mouth and she was blindfolded, not by a piece of cloth but by a tight set of blacked-in goggles that left her entirely blind.

Sweat gave her pale brown skin a nice sheen and long streaks of drool snaked down her torso from her mouth to her pussy. And her pussy was bright red and doing some drooling of its own, with thick strands of goo issuing from it.

The woman leaned back in the bondage frame, completely limp.

"She's in cool-down phase," said Vall. "From the looks of it she just had a long session with a dildo wand pole."

Chloe thought of a dildo pole working the woman's pussy relentlessly as she squirmed helplessly in the chair and shuddered, but it wasn't completely horror. From the look of things, this was a very satisfied woman. And not at all ashamed. Then again, if she'd come in here looking like all the other Earth women, she had every reason to be proud of her body. Her body was still curvy, but much less curvy than most women in the room.

"Cherie will soon be ready to return to Earth," said Vall. "As you can see, she's nearing her weight goal and her fitness is much better. A few more pounds, and if her urges have been properly realigned, back she goes."

"What do you mean, 'if her urges have been properly realigned'?" Chloe asked.

"I mean if she wants sex the way she used to want food, and if she wants food the way she used to want exercise," said Vall. "When you return to Earth from here after we get through with you, you're going to want to get fucked, you're going to want to get fucked a LOT. You're going to want the D so bad you'll almost taste it."

"So if Cherie here has become a total slut by Earth standards she'll be heading back soon," observed Chloe.

"Not to put too fine a point on it, yes," said Vall. "Anyway, that concludes our tour, I think."

They went back to Vall's office.

"So any questions?" Vall asked.

"Why were most of them blindfolded or hooded?" Chloe asked.

"Good catch," said Vall. "We find it helps the weight loss if the women can achieve a thing we call subspace. They go into their little fantasy land while they're blindfolded and ignore the fact that they're naked and exposed on a bondage device, sweating and squirming and cumming. They can concentrate on their physical sensation and emotions. If they see others and themselves like that, it is harder for them, though it does help burn off the body shame."

"So why do some not get a blindfold?" Chloe asked.

“Because some women get off on being seen naked, in bondage and having sex,” said Vall. “They get more excited, which makes it easier for them to reach subspace. In the case of most women, like Cherie, the blindfolds help them get into subspace. We’re all for subspace, when one of you achieves that, we know you’re going to have a successful outcome back on Earth, as far as weight loss goes, insofar as it’s possible.”

“What do you mean, insofar as it’s possible?” Chloe asked.

“Well Earth isn’t really a good place for women, much less slavegirls,” said Vall.

Chloe burst out laughing.

Vall smiled. “What?” she asked.

“If you only knew how Collar World is portrayed on Earth in the media,” Chloe said, “a literal hellhole where women are brainwashed from birth to be the total sex slaves of men, denied clothing, denied dignity of any kind, forced to whore themselves on the streets for nothing.”

“I had heard about that, but I haven’t paid much attention,” said Vall. “How do they deal with the fact that women run the government and most organizations on Collar World?”

“Oh, mere figureheads,” said Chloe. “Collared slavegirls who do and say whatever their Masters tell them to.”

“Ah, yeah, that’s the way they’d see it I guess,” said Vall. “You don’t sound like you buy it.”

“Nobody on Earth buys anything the mainstream media says if they have two brain cells to rub together,” said Chloe. “When the Boomers and the Millenials died off there wasn’t anyone left that believed a word they had to say, but of course they’re still lying their asses off about everything because they’re paid to.”

“Sounds very much like Incel World,” Vall said.

“Yes, all the media bias against you has given Collar World a great deal of cred,” said Chloe. “If they are that set against you, everyone figures you must be legit.”

Vall smiled.

“I’m really surprised there haven’t been any articles about “Fat Farm Sex Torturers of Collar World,” Chloe said.

“I’m sure there will be, if there haven’t been already,” said Vall. “When such articles appear, we

will continue our policy of not giving a rat's ass. As you say, no one on Incel World believes your media, and no one on Collar World does either."

"Still, what do you mean by Earth isn't a good place for women or slavegirls?" Chloe asked.

"Well, it just isn't," Vall replied. "It's not just that you're all sex-starved, especially your men, but that your Late Stage Capitalism economy has pretty much enslaved all of you for most of your lives. You barely have time to be with one another, to develop decent human relationships. On your admission papers you said you worked 60 hours a week, six days a week, sometimes more. You come home and you're exhausted, and so is your husband. You're just resting, you're not living, when you're not working. And we can't change that from Collar World. That's the world you live in."

"Oh, right, you have that crazy eight day week with four days on, four days off here," said Chloe.

"Yes, crazy," Vall said dryly.

"You've been saying that I'm in for the duration if I sign up," said Chloe. "No release until I lose the weight. But what about the snapback?"

"When the snapback occurs, you will return to Earth in the exact same location you left from, a Collar World gateway," said Vall. "Where there will be Collar World agents who will, if necessary, grab you and throw you bodily through the crosstime transport ring, where you will be grabbed, chained and caged if necessary."

"Ah," said Chloe. "You can do that on Earth?"

"Legally speaking, the area within 100 meters of a transport ring leading to Collar World is part of Collar World," said Vall. "It's a legal necessity, and the same applies to Incel World transport rings here. Otherwise both worlds would wind up trying to run the other world's rings."

"Ah," said Chloe.

"Yes, and if you'll notice, the area where the transport ring is, is completely blocked in from public view," said Vall. "We know how to handle security here."

"Yeah," said Chloe. "I noticed."

The next day Chloe arranged a meeting with Jen Walthers. It wasn't easy, Jen had a media empire going, but Chloe found that her admission

that she wanted to attend the Collar World diet kennels got her in.

Plus, of course, Chloe had her own food products and media empire going.

Chloe felt a twinge of jealousy as she met Jen at her Via Veggies organic restaurant. Jen looked so freaking good.

“So here’s what I don’t understand,” said Chloe. “How did you stand it? Being tied up and caged and especially being gagged all the time? It would drive me mad.”

“I can’t guarantee that it won’t drive you mad,” said Jen. “But I can guarantee that if you start to show signs of insanity, they’ll send you home. Genuine mental illness or physical illness are your only outs, other than something like a death in your immediate family.”

“So why didn’t you go mad with one of those damned gags in your mouth all the time?” Chloe asked.

“You get used to it,” said Jen. “It’s like wearing earbuds. OK, it’s not EXACTLY like wearing earbuds, but kind of. At first they’re kind of irritating and a little painful, but over time you don’t even notice you’re wearing them. It’s the same with the cock gags.”

“Cock gags?” Chloe asked. “They’re cock gags?”

“Yeah,” said Jen. “And they have their compensations, let me tell you. Only problem is, you get back, you want a cock in your mouth all the time. It’s hard to explain here on Earth.”

“Oh, I think most people will have a ready explanation,” Chloe said with a cynical smile.

“Exactly,” said Jen. “They’ll just think you’re a slut. And maybe I am, by Earth standards. But Earth standards really are kinda screwy. The only person I really want to fuck is my husband Elliott. But god, I want to fuck him all the time. I mean, all the time. In the evenings I will sit there and suck his cock all night long and be happy as a clam.”

“And Elliott is willing to put up with that?” Chloe asked.

“It’s a sacrifice he is willing, you might say even eager, to make,” said Jen.

“Yes, I imagine my husband Fred would be similarly inclined,” said Chloe.

“He will be,” Jen said with a smirk. “Even without the weight loss he’ll be real happy.”

“How’s the weight loss going?” Chloe asked.
“I know you’ve kept it off for more than a year, that’s remarkable. Has it been difficult?”

“Not really,” said Jen. “If it was difficult, it would be impossible. I thought that stuff they were saying in the kennels about replacing my hunger with horniness was bullshit, but it wasn’t. I really do want to fuck Elliott the way I used to want to eat. And I don’t care about eating the way I used to. I still enjoy good food, but only good food, and not nearly as often as I used to. I keep trying to replicate the flavors of that slave gruel in the kennels, but I just can’t.”

“YOU can’t replicate it?” Chloe asked.

“No, they must use some veggies and or herbs found only on Collar World,” said Jen. “I’ve been looking into it, but it’s difficult because of the snapback.”

“Yes, I guess the constituent elements vanishing would take the flavor from most stews,” said Chloe.

“Yeah, we can’t even import seeds and grow our own,” said Jen. “We’ve been cloning Collar World veggies with some success. The originals snap back, the clones stay. We’ve created some lovely vegetable stews that are bringing the customers to our restaurants, but I can’t match that gruel. Or the Goo.”

“Oh, tell me about the Goo,” said Chloe.

“My lips are sealed,” said Jen.

“Why?” asked Chloe.

“So you’ll enjoy the surprise,” said Jen, smiling wickedly.

“That’s assuming I go,” said Chloe.

“Yes it is,” said Jen, smiling even more wickedly.

A few days later Chloe was sitting on the sofa at home with Fred, enjoying the feel of his hand gently stroking her legs as she lay half-draped across him.

“Fred, I just don’t know about this whole Collar World thing,” said Chloe. “Everyone who’s been there that I know of says it works and they love what it’s done for them. They’ve lost all the weight and kept it off. Can you imagine? And they love their love lives, too. I would love that.”

“Oh, yeah,” said Fred. “The thought of you, my slavegirl, desperate in your throes of animal

need for my sexual attentions. I've definitely given that some thought."

"I don't know if I would call it thinking, Fred," said Chloe, laughing as Fred tickled her.

"Call it what you will," he said agreeably. Fred had learned a great secret to human relationships a few decades ago: know what you care about, rather than what you think you SHOULD care about, and never fight over the stuff you don't actually care about. It had made him quite genial, most of the time. And it made it very easy to get along with Chloe, since she was what he cared about most.

Well, that and engineering. But Chloe was not concerned about engineering.

"So what's the thing that bothers you about the whole Collar World thing, other than the obvious matter of being naked, kenneled and forced to ride dildo machines all the time?" Fred asked.

"Other than that, it's that I feel like Collar World is kind of a cheat," Chloe said. "I mean, they take the will power right out of the diet. Once I'm in the kennel I lose all control. I won't have to fight my urge to eat at all, because I won't be able to eat anything except what they give me. I'm just having trouble believing the diet that works is the one that doesn't involve me exercising any will power or restraint, you know? Even though Jen and all the others are proof that it DOES work."

"Chloe, I've watched you diet for decades now," said Fred. "You must have lost hundreds of pounds over the course of your life before the reset. I've seen you exercise willpower on a diet that I couldn't even begin to match at my peak of willpower. And I'm pretty sure your friends that have managed to lose a lot of weight have done the same. So on the evidence, if willpower were the secret to losing weight and keeping it off, you wouldn't have a weight problem right now."

Chloe nodded.

"It just kills me to admit it, but you're right," said Chloe. "All the mental discipline and energy that I've had poured into the diets I've been on have been for nothing. The weight always comes back. And I hate that, but my body is irrefutable proof of it."

"True," Fred agreed. "But the other thing is, all these women who've gotten the weight off and kept it off after going through that Collar World thing are irrefutable proof that it works, along with

all the people on Collar World who don't have weight problems, which is practically all of them. Now you know me, I'm gonna love you, weight problem or no weight problem. But I know you, and I know how much you hate being overweight. And if this Collar World diet is what it will take for you to get the weight off and keep it off, I'm all for it. What I care about is what makes you happy, darling."

Chloe nodded. She'd known from when they first started discussing the Collar World diet plan that she had Fred's tacit approval, even after she brought up the nudity, bondage, sex machines and trainers. She was pretty sure Fred thought of it as just another weird diet. God knows she had been on a few.

But this was it. This was his explicit approval. She could proceed without reservations now, except for all the reservations her mind filled up with whenever she went to bed at night. Because it WAS an extreme thing.

Chapter 3

She was in a room full of female moans and cries and laughter, and the rank smell of sex.

It was hours before they finally put Chloe in her cell. There had been forms to fill out, tests to take, both physical and psychological. They took samples of every fluid her body was capable of producing except tears, and with some of the stress tests they put her through, they could have had tears if they had wanted them.

She spent a full day in the cell being bored. She was a provisional slavegirl, not a full slavegirl yet, even though she's watched the holos of what happened to the slavegirls with the holocams recording her and repeated out loud that she understood that she would not be released until she lost 120 pounds of weight or went insane or got very sick with the holocams rolling. She was as legally committed to the diet as she could possibly be, but they wouldn't start on her until the results

of her various tests came back and they knew she didn't have any hidden issues. Hence, provisional.

Most of the cells around her were empty during the daytime, though there were a few women in them. A couple of them were on their phones or reading tablets, the others were just lying on their cots, staring blankly into the distance.

"So, how are you liking it so far?" Chloe asked a woman in a nearby cell.

The woman glanced up at Chloe, her eyes indifferent. She was as overweight as Chloe.

"You signed the contract already?" the woman asked.

"Yes," said Chloe.

"Too late for you then," said the woman. "It's hell."

"Ah," said Chloe.

"See, everyone in here has been real stupid," said the woman. "We were all focused on the food, the dieting. The food is fine, it's delicious, and they give us a lot of it because it's so fucking low on carbs. What I wouldn't give for an ice cream sundae right now. But no, the thing is, it's the sexercise. It never stops. That's the hell."

"Surely they stop when you get tired," said Chloe.

"You signed the contract, it doesn't make any difference now," said the woman. "You'll see."

With these unsettling words, the woman stopped talking, ignoring Chloe. Other women chatted among themselves about this and that, but none were interested in talking to Chloe. One did explain why, however.

"Look you're a noob," said the woman. "No offense but all noobs are the same. You all have the same questions. We don't blame you, but god, you're all so boring. You'll get over it, then maybe you'll be worth talking to."

And with that she ignored Chloe.

Chloe was not accustomed to being ignored. When you're wealthy and successful people pay attention to what you say. But not on Collar World. And that was one of the worst things about Collar World, as far as she was concerned. Chloe was used to being a queen bee wherever she went.

She did see something interesting. One of the women's cells suddenly had two women in it. Chloe looked more closely and realized that one of the women was a Collar World hologram. Chloe

couldn't make out the details of it, but the woman just laid on her cot and looked at it. After a bit she turned it off.

Weird.

Under the circumstances, Chloe had the feeling she might have made a terrible mistake signing the contract. But in talking to Jen and a couple of other graduates whose names Vall had given her, she'd heard nothing but praise about the kennels. Sure it was hard, but they'd all reached their weight loss goals, and none of them had gained it back.

The freaking program worked, it was just ... tough. And that didn't matter, because she was determined.

Chloe fell asleep and was awakened by the feel of a bag being pulled over her head. She struggled but strong hands forced her hands behind her back and tied them there. A rope was tied around her neck.

"On your feet, slave," said a male voice. She felt the rope tugging at her neck. She struggled to her feet. It would have been hard and painful before she'd been de-aged, but it was fairly easy now, despite her weight. She at least had a young body now. And she would have a fit one soon.

"Heel," a man's voice said.

"What?" Chloe asked, her voice muffled by the hood.

"Means follow me, slave," said the man, and Chloe surprised herself by feeling of thrill of pleasure. He had called her "slave!" She had passed the test. She had been accepted into the program. She was going to lose all that weight. What a relief!

She had thought she was nervous about the program, when really she had been sweating getting into it all along.

She followed the man blindly, a hand on her shoulder guiding her if things got tricky, which they didn't. It was not a long trip.

"Stand still," the man said, removing the rope from her neck and freeing her hands. "Extend your arms."

Chloe did as ordered. She felt hands removing her clothing. They were fast and efficient – practiced, one might say. Chloe helped as best she could. She had known she'd wind up naked. And in a few moments, she was naked.

“Remain still,” said the voice, and hands removed the hood from her head.

Chloe blinked. She’d expected to be back in Vall’s office, instead she was in a strange room. It looked like a medical room of some kind, with strange machinery and curtains hung on rollers in a ceiling track. She was standing in the center of a half meter wide green circle that was inside a two meter wide circle that was a slightly darker shade of green. And the curtains around them were green.

The man who had removed Chloe’s hood stepped away from her and said, “Smile.”

Chloe smiled obligingly. It was easy, she was still feeling the rush from knowing she’d been accepted.

“Good girl,” said the man. He walked forward. He had some jewelry in his hands. It turned out not to be jewelry, of course. It was a set of thick, heavy copper shackles and cuffs. He put the cuffs on her wrists while she still held her arms extended, then he put the cuffs on her ankles.

“Kneel and cross your wrists behind your back,” the man said.

Chloe obeyed. They were giving her the full slavery treatment.

The man was wearing a t-shirt, shorts and sneakers or their Collar World equivalent, which was pretty much the uniform of men on Collar World who weren’t submissives. The submissive men ran around as naked as the submissive women.

And like the women of Collar World, the men of Collar World were fit. This man was no exception, he was fit and when he removed his shorts in one fell swoop, he proved to have a big, fat cock, too.

Well of course the men of Collar World would have big cocks, probably every last one of them. Earth’s evil twin, indeed, she thought, remembering a clickbait article title.

He turned around and picked something up from a stand and Chloe saw that he had a nice butt, too. Well if they were going to look at Chloe, she would look at them.

He stepped forward until he stood directly opposite Chloe, his big, fat cock dangling in front of her face. He held a circlet in his hand.

“Take my cock in your mouth, slave,” he ordered.

Chloe had known this would come up sooner or later. They had made no secret that they made slavegirls of all the women who entered the kennels. There was no reason to suppose she would be an exception.

But she'd never cheated on her husband Fred once during their long marriage. He was a good man, and she loved him. But this was different. This was Collar World. And this was part of a weight loss program. And what happened in a Collar World weight-training program, stayed in the Collar World weight-training program.

Chloe took the cock in her mouth. It was the easiest thing ever.

"I, Matia Orm, do hereby accept you as a slave to the Collar World Diet Training Academy Corporation kennels, in my capacity as a trainer for said kennels," said Matia. "You are not my personal slave, you now belong to all the Masters and Mistresses who work for said kennels. You will obey our commands at all times and strive to be a pleasing slave to us in any way we deem fit. In return, we will watch over you and control you and do everything in our power to see that you attain the weight and fitness goals we have agreed to help you attain, and to ensure that you remain mentally and physically healthy as you do so. If you understand, say, 'Yes, Master.'"

Chloe spit the cock out of her mouth.

"Yes, Master," she said.

"Did I say to take my cock out of your mouth, slave?" Matia asked.

"No, Master," said Chloe.

"You are correct, I did not," Matia said. "When you are given a command, just obey it. Now take my cock back in your mouth and say, 'Yes, Master' once more, with feeling."

Chloe took the cock back in her mouth.

"Yeff, maffa," she said firmly.

"Very good," said Matia. He did something with the circlet, and it opened wide. Chloe saw that it was hinged on one side, and had smaller circlets hanging from it at 90 degree intervals. A slave collar, of course. This was Collar World.

Matia placed the collar around Chloe's neck and closed it with a definitive "snick!" It was heavy and a little cold and she could feel each of the four rings that dangled from the collar on her skin. She had also gotten glimpse of a delicate

floral design etched into the collar as he put it on her. Also, buttons and lights and holes. Interesting.

Chloe kept Matia's cock in her mouth as he put the collar on her. He had not ordered her to let go of it.

"You are now a slave to the Diet Training Academy for the duration of our contract," said Matia. "You will address all male staffers here as 'Master' and you will address all female staffers as 'Mistress.' You are not to use our names unless instructed to. You we will call 'slave' or 'slut' or 'girl' or whatever we wish. You may call your fellow slaves anything you like, we do not care, but the usual term is 'sister.' Understand?"

"Yeff, maffa," Chloe said.

"Let go of my cock," said Matia.

Chloe spit out his cock.

The man picked up his shorts and put them back on. Chloe had expected him to make her give her a blowjob, but apparently his cock was being used here just for ceremonial purposes.

It worked for Chloe. She was very horny and excited and it felt good. But she didn't feel guilty, as she hadn't given him an actual blowjob.

"Your holo should be ready now," Matia said. He walked over to a computer monitor, turned it on, then waved his fingers in the air (the Collar Worlders used hologram keyboards and movement tracking to control their computers) and suddenly there was a hologram of a woman who looked like Chloe standing beside Chloe. Except different. Like, 120 pounds lighter different.

"This is our computer's estimate of what you will look like when you attain your weight loss and fitness goals," said Matia.

Chloe looked at the hologram again and her heart caught. It was her, but ... beautiful. More beautiful than she'd ever been in her life. The thick slabs of fat that had covered her body for much of her adult life were gone. She was looking at a newer, sleeker, fitter version of herself and she was loving it. Her arms and legs were not skinny, but they weren't fat either, they had the taut look of muscles beneath them. And her face, her face was absolutely gorgeous, no more jowls, clean lines, and that smile – the smile she had smiled just a few moments ago – looked so much better. It was wonderful to see. Her heart surged at the thought

that she might actually look like that in a few months' time.

"We'll send 2D and 3D copies of that to your pad and your phone," said Matia as he pulled his shorts back on. "It helps a lot of our customers to visualize themselves at the end of the process."

"Oh, god yes," said Chloe. "You should do this to all potential customers before they sign up, you'd have to beat them off with a stick."

"Nah, people would be saying we lured them in with pretty fake pictures," said Matia.

"I suppose," said Chloe. Such a consideration would never have had any weight for a corporation on Earth. It was expected that they would lie.

Matia picked up the hood again and put it over Chloe's head, tightening it around her neck with a simple drawstring.

"On your feet, slave," he ordered.

Chloe got to her feet. She was glad to, her knees were already tired of kneeling.

Matia attached something to the ring in the front of her collar. She knew what it was when she felt a gentle tug on her collar. A leash.

"A tug on your leash means 'heel' girl," said Matia.

"Yes, Master," said Chloe, stepping forward blindly.

Matia guided her for another short walk, Chloe knew not where. But with every step Chloe kept seeing that holographic vision of herself. God, she wanted that.

Chloe guessed where she was when she was in a room full of female moans and cries and laughter, and the rank smell of sex. It was the exercise room. Matia guided Chloe to a place somewhere in the room.

"Relax and allow my hands to guide you," Matia ordered. Then he placed a hand on Chloe's back and stomach and guided her forward and to one side by tiny increments until she felt something bump up against her upper thigh, just below waist level.

"Bend over," Matia ordered, and Chloe bent over at the waist and in a moment she was resting on a thick, soft pad that ended just at her shoulders. Chloe felt a sense of relief. She'd been afraid she'd be put in one of those hanging rope things and wind up writhing and twisting. This was kind of

comfy, even when she felt metal bars enclosing her ankles and her lower back.

Then she felt lube being squirted into her butt crack, and she felt fingers working the lube into her ass and pussy. Uh-oh, she thought, here it comes. And she was right. She felt a rubbery dildo thing sliding up her ass, then she felt a rubbery dildo thing sliding up her pussy.

Then she felt fingers massaging her nipples, followed by something sticky being pressed against them. She wasn't sure what, any more than she was sure what was stuck up her ass.

Such was the life of a slavegirl, she supposed.

Then the hood was pulled from her head.

"Open your mouth and keep it open, slave," said a voice.

Chloe complied. She saw a dildo with some straps dangling from it, and a moment later the dildo was in her mouth. Fortunately, it was a short dildo and it didn't gag her. It was also thick, kind of satisfyingly thick. It filled her mouth nicely. She felt the straps being buckled behind her neck and then underneath her chin and she realized that she wasn't going to be spitting the dildo out. It was in place for as long as her trainer wanted it there.

Then her taste buds started registering the dildo and she realized she really, really didn't want to spit the dildo out. Because it was delicious. When she squeezed on the dildo she could feel/taste something delicious oozing out of the dildo. It was like a rich, chocolately ganache, but with hints and overtones and undertones of all sorts of wonderful thing: a bit of coffee flavor, some vanilla too, some hints of cinnamon and maybe just a touch of pepper ... she couldn't be sure. But what she COULD be sure of was that it was one of the most delicious things she had ever tasted in her entire life, and she had tasted MANY things in her life as a professional chef.

Chloe found that she could make more of the delicious stuff ooze out of the dildo by sucking on it, so she started sucking on it right away. She wanted to analyze the taste, but more than that she wanted to taste the taste, to have more of that delicious stuff in her mouth.

Chloe's chef's brain took over so completely that she was startled when the dildos in her ass and pussy started to move just a few seconds after the cock gag was firmly strapped into her mouth. The

dildos starting out moving slowly, very slowly, but they increased their speed steadily and in a minute they were working Chloe's pussy fast enough to make her notice – especially since the dildo in her pussy had a plastic nub that made contact with her clit every time it moved.

The dildos had been lubricated and they moved very easily inside Chloe, in part because all the walking around naked and being dominated by fit man and most especially sucking his cock while on her knees with her hands cuffed behind her back had been working away at Chloe's libido. She was turned on, and her pussy was wet.

Her ass was not affected by her being turned on, but the lubricant was enough, apparently.

In any event, it didn't matter how turned on she was or wasn't, because the restraints on her ankles and the iron bar across her lower back held her in place whether she liked it or not, especially with her hands cuffed behind her back. She was helpless, and she wasn't going to be released until her trainer was good and ready to release her.

Not that Chloe was all that eager to be released. The dildos felt really good, even the one in her ass. It didn't feel nearly as good as the one in her pussy, but combined with the pussy dildo, it gave her nether regions a thoroughly worked sensation. Things were happening down there.

Then she felt her nipples begin to throb. She looked down and saw that there were small egg vibrators attached to the circular patches that had been glued over her nipples. They were vibrating, sending a steady stream of pleasurable sensation up to her brain from her large, dangling breasts. Combined with the flood of pleasure that was now flowing from her pussy, she felt very good.

And the stuff oozing out of the cock gag was giving her mouth a lot of pleasure, albeit pleasure of a different sort. That taste was so deep and rich and subtle, it cried out for her full attention. But it couldn't cry out loud enough to drown out her pussy, not even close, really.

A soft moan escaped Chloe's lips as the feelings created by the dildo in her pussy swelled. She could see women like her all around her, secured to other bondage machines, sweating, moaning and squirming, apparently totally uninhibited and not at all embarrassed by their lewd, lascivious squirming and their muffled cries

of passion. Of course they were only “apparently” uninhibited, because they were all bound as securely as Chloe was, and they had just as much control over how their bodies were displayed as Chloe did, which is to say, none.

Knowing she was not alone, Chloe found it much easier to give in to her feelings. She moaned and began to squirm on the pad, spreading her legs wider for the dildos that invaded her, shoving her ass toward them, welcoming them. She was their creature. And she was no different than any of the other women in the respect, they were all a mass of moaning, (mostly) overweight flesh squirming against the ropes, chains, straps, cuffs, shackles and collars that held them helplessly in place.

Matia looked at the display on his personal pad, which mirrored the display on one of the support bars of the device Chloe was bound to. Pulse up, blood pressure up, to be expected. It was good, she was responding well to the dildos that filled all her orifices. She wasn't in the caution zone yet but she was headed there, it would be interesting to see if she leveled off at some point. Matia doubted that she would, Chloe had reported that she got no exercise at all other than the effort of running restaurant kitchens, which she described as “strenuous at times.” Matia doubted somehow that Chloe got a lot of cardio from running a kitchen. Her body was a telltale in that respect.

He watched her squirm on the device, her eyes half closed. He knew she was looking at the other women squirming, they all did. This mutual comfort in suffering was the real reason the trainers didn't blindfold most of the women. The women had enough stress as it was, as the vast majority had never been naked in public before, much less had sex in public before.

So Matia turned the speed of the dildos down as he saw Chloe's blood pressure edging into the danger zone as she approached orgasm.

Chloe was totally enjoying herself as the machine ramped up her excitement. She was one of the beasts squirming on the devices. She felt ashamed and embarrassed to be so displayed. She did not know what her body looked like, but she could make some educated guesses based on the women she could see, and it was not exactly the stuff of erotic daydreams for any but the men who liked curvy women. (She'd never met or been

approached by a man who was attracted to overweight women, but her girlfriend Ingrid had once shown her pictures on the Internet of overweight women posing naked and having sex. Some of them were more overweight than Chloe was.)

“The thickness fans are out there,” Ingrid had said. “These women wouldn’t be making money if they weren’t.”

It was an inarguable point. It didn’t really matter to Chloe. Fred loved her, that’s what mattered. He loved her as a person, for who she was, though. He didn’t love her just because she was curvy. He’d loved her before she became so curvy, he’d loved her when she’d grown old, and he loved her when she turned the clock back, and she knew damned well that Fred would love her when she lost all the weight. That wasn’t why she was losing the weight.

Chloe was losing the weight because she wanted her whole youth back, and that included a young and fit body that wasn’t lugging around more than 100 pounds of fat it didn’t need.

So Chloe gave in to the dildos and when they slowed down she was disappointed because she had felt the orgasms building inside her and it had been quite a while – far too long, really – since she had had orgasms building inside her. She moaned into her gag as her body subsided, but the dildos did not stop, they merely slowed, and then started creeping up again. The vibrator things on her nipples never let up, though, and soon she was squirming and on the verge of cumming and ... the dildos slowed down AGAIN.

Chloe’s disappointed moan into her cock gag was heartfelt. But once again the dildos merely slowed, they did not stop. And Chloe once again found her orgasm denied, and she drifted along as the dildos slowly worked up to speed, making Chloe once again build toward orgasm. Her hands worked in the cuffs that enclosed them, unconsciously revealing the frustrated passion that filled her. She felt she was being teased and toyed with, and maybe she was, though if she’d been able to see the monitors that displayed her pulse, blood pressure and respiration she might have realized that she was merely being kept at a certain level of physical activity.

The one constant through it all was the cock gag and the wonderful goo that oozed out of it. She stopped sucking on it and thinking about it a like a chef after a while. She merely sucked on it because it tasted so wonderful. Especially when the dildos slowed down and she was less overwhelmed by her sexual feelings. The taste came through much better then. When the orgasms were building, she had no mental apparatus to consciously enjoy the taste. But in between times, that flavor filled her mouth and her mind and it was all very, very good. Possibly because she was very, very hungry.

Chloe completely lost track of time as she lay squirming on the pad, which quickly became slick with her sweat. There was only the dildos and the cock gag and the wonderfully tasty goo and her nipples vibrating and her inability to escape from her bonds. It all somehow melded together into one huge experience of pleasure and desire and irritation and the joy of approaching orgasms and the disappointment of not cumming, over and over again.

Matia, after a little over an hour, let Chloe cum. The level of physical activity involved in squirming on a pad was very low, but Chloe was very out of shape, and her recoveries were getting shallow and her peaks were getting into the caution zone. He simply let the dildos go on as her respiration, blood pressure and pulse increased and moved into the caution zone, and suddenly Chloe was squirming madly on the pad as her body finally spent all the passion that had been denied for the last hour. Her levels were solidly into the caution zone as she did so, with a few moments of spiking into the orange zone, but she never got near the red zone that would have set off alarms that would have stopped the dildos and sent a medtech running to see what was up.

Instead Chloe simply collapsed atop the pad, utterly limp, her whole body slumped atop it. She wasn't even sucking at the cock gag, her jaw hung slack. Her eyes were closed.

Chloe lay there feeling the most enormous sense of relief and satisfaction she had felt in a long time. Despite their love for one another, Chloe and Fred's love life had entered the "been there/done that" phase before she had turned back her personal clock. It was hard to get excited over

something you had done thousands of times over the years, even sex.

This automated approach to sex, impersonal as it was, had its points. That orgasm she had just had had blown her mind, swamped it with overwhelming sensation and left her completely overwhelmed and satisfied.

Matia let her lay there for a time, watching her physical indicators return to normal. After she had been at normal levels for two or three minutes, Matia had the dildos pull out of her pussy for one last time. Her fleshy vaginal lips clung to the dildos like they didn't want them to leave. Then he released the bar that ran across her lower back and the ones that restrained her feet. Matia reattached the leash to the front of Chloe's collar and put the hood over her head.

"On your feet, girl," he said. "It's breakfast time."

"Yeff, maffa," Chloe replied, her voice thoroughly muffled by the cock gag and the hood.

Chapter 4

The first thing that awakened her was the feel of the cock gag being shoved into her mouth, tightened and fastened.

She felt Mattias' hands on her arms, gently lifting her and guiding her to stand up and then steering her in the direction he wanted her to move in. Chloe followed, her mind still drifting in the happy daze of post-orgasmic pleasure.

When Matia removed her hood she was back in her cell. There were now two bowls on the floor of her cell. Also a few towels and washcloths stacked on her cot. One bowl held water, the other held stew. They were big bowls, and there was a lot of water and stew in them.

"Breakfast is served," said Matia. He removed her gag and left it dangling from her neck.

"Drink as much of the water as you like," said Matia. "We recommend a lot, you don't want to get dehydrated, but it's up to you for now."

"For now, Master?" Chloe asked.

“If you don’t keep yourself hydrated, we’ll take over that job for you,” said Matia. “It won’t be fun for us or for you.”

“Yes, Master,” Chloe said. She wasn’t sure exactly what Matia meant but she knew he meant it, whatever it was.

“You need to eat most of stew in your bowl,” said Matia. “A bell will sound from your collar when you’ve eaten enough. Here’s what it will sound like. Chloe Collar, sound task accomplished bell.”

A brief, melodious set of chimes sounded from the vicinity of Chloe’s ear and Chloe nodded to show she had heard it.

“A holomonitor is on your cell,” said Matia. “If you just shovel the food out with your face, we’ll get an alert and bad things will happen. To wit: Chloe Collar, give Chloe a Level One shock.”

Chloe immediately felt a powerful and unpleasant tingling sensation around her neck. It wasn’t intensely painful and it didn’t last long. It was kind of like having a Tens unit on a middle-ish setting on her neck for just a second or two, only all over it.

“Oh,” said Chloe.

“If you’re deliberately messing with us, it won’t be Level One and it won’t last for just a second,” said Matia. “We won’t set it at levels that will harm you, but we will set it at levels that will discourage you.”

“Yeff, Maffa,” Chloe said. She did not know exactly what “discourage” meant, but she could guess.

Matia loosened Chloe’s gag and pulled it out of her mouth and let it dangle on her chest. It felt wet.

“Now you can eat,” said Matia.

“But Master, my cuffs,” Chloe said.

“You won’t be permitted to use your hands to eat,” said Matia. “When your collar chimes your cuffs will be released and you can clean the food and water off your face and hair. Now eat and rest, slut, you have an afternoon ahead of you.”

And with those words Matia left the cell, closing the door behind him. Chloe stared at his retreating back for a moment, but she knew there was nothing she could say. She sighed and sat down on the cot. They wanted her to eat that food, and she wouldn’t be able to use her hands until she

did. Slowly she slid down to the floor and knelt and lowered her face to the bowl.

Chloe hated eating this way. Her hair got in the bowl and there was nothing she could do about it. Food got all over her face, and there was not much she could do about that. She managed to keep it out of her eyes and nose, and that was an achievement of sorts.

It helped that she was very hungry and the stew was very, very good, as delicious as the stew she had tasted a week ago, though subtly different. A little more tarragon, a bright note of rutabaga. Chloe's taste buds had a very good memory, and they also knew "delicious" when they found it, and this was delicious. She ate voraciously, and in a short while the musical chimes sounded and her hands were released. But Chloe did not stop eating, though she did put her hands on the floor (like a dog, she thought) to make eating easier. She didn't bother cleaning her hair and face either, she ate every molecule of the stew inside the bowl. It was that good, and she was that hungry.

After she finished the stew, she grabbed a towel and thoroughly cleaned her face and hair. And chest. She had managed to get the stew in so many places. Once she was clean she moved to the water bowl and took a long, deep, draught of water, then slowly swallowed it. She took several drinks that way. She was dehydrated, she could tell.

Finally, she laid on her cot and picked up her phone, staring at it. She wasn't sure who to call or what to tell them. She had done so much this morning, but her mind was curiously blank. She lay there, staring at the phone for a while, then put it down on the mattress and closed her eyes. In seconds she was asleep.

It took her awhile to wake up. The first thing that awakened her was the feel of the cock gag being shoved into her mouth, tightened and fastened. By the time she had her eyes opened a hood was pulled over her head and fastened in place. Then she felt hands pulling her hands behind her back and fastening her cuffs together. And she felt a leash attached to the ring at the front of her collar. Clearly, this was a Collar World slavegirl wake up call.

"On your feet, girl," came Matia's voice, and Chloe sleepily struggled to her feet.

But Chloe knew immediately that there was something she had to communicate to Matia, something that had not been covered yet.

“Maffa!” she said through gag. “Maffa, ah haffa oh ooh baffoom.”

“Ah,” said Matia. “Haven’t gone over that yet. Well let’s get your hood and cuffs off.”

And he removed Chloe’s hood and undid her cuffs.

“In the future, whenever you need to go to the bathroom and you’re say, bound to an exercise device, just say, “Collar bathroom alert” and it will summon someone to help.”

“Yeff, Maffa,” said Chloe.

“When you’re finished, say ‘collar summon trainer,’ and your collar will let me know,” said Matia. And he left the cell.

Chloe hated that she had to go to the bathroom in an open cell. She had seen and heard and smelled others going to the bathroom in their cells, but it had not occurred to her that she would be in the same position as them. But she closed her eyes and sat on the commode and in a short time she said, “Olla, ah-er ah-ert” with the gag still in her mouth and amazingly, the collar understood her.

Matia returned to the cell and fastened her hands behind her back and put the hood on her.

“Heel,” said Matia and Chloe obediently followed Matia out. She suspected their destination was the exercise room, and she was right, the chorus of moans and cries that greeted her ears when she walked in assured her. Plus that overwhelming sex smell.

Chapter 5

With that massive, muscular trainer fucking from behind her whole body rocked with his every thrust and she looked like she might be crushed at any second.

Matia guided her to a spot and freed her hands from her cuffs.

“OK, this is like a leather overcoat,” said Matia as he grabbed Chloe’s wrist and guided it into a

leather sleeve. “Just extend your arm fully once it’s in the sleeve.”

“Yeff, maffa,” Chloe said, wondering what sort of bizarre device she was going to be on this time.

Once her arm was fully enclosed in the sleeve, Matia guided Chloe’s other arm into another sleeve, then he fastened them in place around her arms. She could feel a thick circular wooden bar above the sleeves, just above her shoulders.

“I’m going to fasten your feet now,” Matia said. “Don’t worry, you can hang from the bar, you won’t fall.”

Matia picked up one of her feet and attached a rope from the bar at Chloe’s shoulders to the ring set in her ankle shackle, leaving her foot dangling in the air behind her. A moment later he grabbed the other foot and attached a rope to it, and suddenly she was hanging from the bar by her shoulders with her feet dangling helplessly behind her. The leather sleeves distributed the weight of her body evenly, so she was comfy enough, in a weird sort of way.

Then Chloe felt something prodding at her butt, and then the sensation of a lubricated dildo sliding up her pussy.

“Uh-oh, here it comes,” Chloe thought. “At least I didn’t have to bend over.”

A moment later she felt the dildo slowly slide out, then slide back in, then slide back out. Not all the way out, it was the old in-and-out. The dildo penetrated deeply into her and stayed in her, much of it remained in her after the downstroke.

Then she felt something sticky being pressed into her flesh, just above her clit, and over her clit. She wasn’t sure what that was all about until she felt a familiar set of vibrations emanating from right over her clit. It was another damn egg vibe, right where it would have the greatest effect. She could already feel her body warming up to it.

A moment later she felt stickiness pressed into her breasts right over her nipples, and a moment after that, vibrations. Her nipples had been given the same treatment her clit had.

Finally her hood was removed as the dildo slowly increased its pace. She blinked and saw Matia standing before her and behind him the familiar vista of writhing, moaning female flesh. She was hanging from a horizontal wooden bar hanging from two thick vertical wooden bars.

Directly beneath her a metal box with a wire snaking out of it sat, with a dildo slowly pistoning up and down from its top, its end buried in Chloe's pussy. Behind the box was a wall of the exercise room. She saw the back of a display pad on a post in front of the device she was hung from.

Matia looked at the display pad. Blood pressure, pulse, respiration, normal for Chloe under the circumstances. She might last a while on this. New slavegirls often were calmer after their first go-round in the exercise room. And this device would give her a better workout than the other one had.

"Have fun," Matia said.

"Yeff, maffa," Chloe said through her gag.
"Fuh."

Matias smiled as he walked away from Chloe. He had caught the note of sarcasm in Chloe's response. Sarcasm, already. Most new slavegirls needed a couple of days or even a week in training to process their new status and experiences before their personalities started to reassert themselves, making them able to express things like sarcasm. Chloe was moving fast. Interesting.

Chloe hung from the bar and felt her body responding to the dildo and vibrating eggs, feeling very much like a piece of meat hung from a rack. A warming piece of meat. That was the hell of it. They could make her feel whatever they liked. It was scary, except of course what they mostly wanted her to feel was orgasms, and she was all right with the orgasms.

As the dildo and the eggs began to work on her more and more, Chloe stopped hanging slack in her bonds. It was kind of nice to just hang there like a piece of meat, sucking on the goo still issuing from the cock gag strapped into her mouth. She was sure there was pepper of some sort in there, probably fresh black pepper ground very very fine so it was nothing but flavor, the sort that made you sneeze even to look at it. Interesting.

But that interest, as professional as it was, could not compete with the interests that came surging through her brain from her pussy. Damn, that egg was slaying her clit! It was right there, and the vibrations felt like they were going straight to her brain, and they felt wonderful. With the dildo surging in and out of her pussy like a cock, she was getting intense pressure. And her breasts were

at it like mad with the egg vibes on them. There was nothing in her ass now, at least.

Chloe began to squirm. Her ass swayed on the vibrator, which followed it easily with its long, rubbery body. And with her legs hanging shackled behind her, Chloe began to squirm with her legs as well. She couldn't help it, she wanted to bring her legs together and protect her tender parts from this rude assault on her most private parts. But her bonds wouldn't let her bring her legs together, the ropes securing her ankles were tied on the far ends of the wooden pole she dangled from. All she could do in response to the relentless thrusting of the dildo and the relentless vibrations of the egg was do a sort of midair cycling motion, so she did that.

Her breasts swung in counterpoint to her legs as she squirmed. The feelings from her nipples as the vibrating eggs worked on them were more intense this time. Chloe wasn't sure why, maybe a more fortuitous positioning of the eggs. They weren't as intense as the vibrations coming from her clit, but they were intense. Chloe moaned into her gag. It wasn't something she had intended to do, the moan just oozed out of her as her brain was swamped with pleasure. Somehow the motion as she rocked on the bar was sexual to her.

Maybe there was an explanation. The field of woman flesh in front of her included a man this time. He was a trainer, and he was fucking one of the women in bondage, and he was hot as hell. He was taller and more muscular than most of the trainers here, and all of them were quite fit. He was fucking one of the women doggie style.

She must have been very near the end of her training, because the woman was not only not fat, she was absolutely skinny. And small. She had long, thin arms and legs and her torso was thin, too, and she was very short. God knows what she had looked like when she came in if she had enough of a weight problem to drive her to the Collar World kennels, because her tiny body would have looked fat with just an extra 20 pounds on her, given that she looked like she weighed 80 or 90 pounds now, at most. But 20 pounds wouldn't drive anyone to a solution as extreme as the Collar World kennels, she had probably been 50 or 60 pounds, which would have looked worse on her than Chloe's 120 pounds looked on her

average sized frame. She must have been a blob when she came in.

(Of course she might have had body dysphoria and thought she was overweight even though she was skinny, but knowing the Collar World people, they would have treated her dysphoria and not put her in a weight loss program. That whole mental illness thing.)

She wasn't a blob now, she looked thin and fit. With that massive, muscular trainer fucking from behind her whole body rocked with his every thrust and she looked like she might be crushed at any second. She was bound over a simple padded box, her wrists cuffed to the bottom in front and her knees tied to the bottom in back. She could have simply laid atop it but she had braced herself atop the box with her elbows. Her head was raised in the air, peeking out from beneath the trainer's massive shoulder, and her mouth was stretched wide open.

She was gagged but her mouth was stretched so wide that there was plenty of room on either side of the gag for air and sound to escape. (She had an exceptionally large mouth, and it was open as wide as it could go.) She was crying out with every thrust. It was hard to tell if the cries were pain or pleasure. On first glance Chloe would have guessed it was pain, because the trainer had a thick, massive cock and he was really railing the poor little creature with it. But it wasn't pain.

The woman's cries might have sounded desperate but her ass and her eyes gave her away. Her ass wasn't fighting the cock at all, it was welcoming it, spreading wide and almost dancing with pleasure as the mans' cock plundered her pussy. There was nothing but pleasure coming from that ass.

And then there were her eyes. She was looking up and out, and her eyes were wide open. But it was easy to tell by the way her eyes didn't move that she was seeing nothing, looking at nothing. Combined with her wide open mouth, her wide open eyes gave her an expression of surprise, a perpetual one. It was as if she were amazed to discover that she was kneeling there chained up and naked with this huge man fucking her. She looked as if she were about to claim she had no idea how she got there.

But she wasn't surprised. She was cumming like a beast. That's what that expression was about, that's what those little gasps were about, it was her O-face, utterly uncontrolled by her. Nobody could make a face like that deliberately.

And she came for a LONG time, because the trainer who was fucking her was apparently very practiced at maintaining an erection without cumming. (Chloe had read that the men of Collar World were noted for this skill. It wasn't that they practiced or trained for it, it was just that they were used to having their sex partners tied down and at their mercy, so they fucked them at their leisure. They weren't subconsciously trying to get their orgasm over with before some external circumstance or change of mood or whatever would wreck things. They had their women right where they wanted them, how they wanted them, when they fucked them, so they took their fucking time. When an hour long blowjob was business as usual, a man got used to having his cock in a woman.)

So the woman experienced multiple orgasms as the huge man fucked her, and Chloe had to watch. She could have closed her eyes of course, but she couldn't. She was hypnotized. She was reminded of all the times she had felt the same way when Fred fucked her, squirming beneath his big male body and moaning. She hadn't been gagged or tied up but she had definitely felt pinned beneath him as she came, and it felt so good, so very good.

And so Chloe was writhing there on the post, watching this tiny woman squirming like an animal (just like Chloe was squirming like an animal) and crying out through her gag (just like Chloe was moaning through her gag) subject to relentless thrusting inside her pussy (just like Chloe). Chloe was soon swept up in the approach to orgasm. Then, as she felt the orgasm building inside her, the dildo ... slowed, almost to a stop. And the vibrating egg on her pussy and the eggs on her nipples stopped vibrating, leaving Chloe squirming helplessly atop a dildo pole that was no longer delivering the dildo.

Chloe's writhing turned from pleasure to frustration as the flow of good feelings stopped. She moaned and twisted in her bonds, frustrated, and her angry twisting had no more effect than her ecstatic writhing had. She was totally helpless.

After an agonizingly long time, the dildo started up again, slowly. Soon the vibrations from the eggs on her clit and her tits resumed, and Chloe was once again soaring toward ecstasy. She watched the beast of a trainer fuck the poor little slavegirl and the feelings of pleasure soared, and Chloe happily returned to her status as a slut happily sucking on a cock gag and squirming like an animal in her bonds.

The trainer finally did grunt and cum inside the tiny girl, then pulled his cock out. The tiny girl sagged against the padded block she was chained to, as if deflated. She was clearly utterly spent, unmindful of the cum leaking from her pussy and the drool leaking from her gag.

The trainer grabbed a towel and cleaned his cock off, then pulled his shorts back on. He left the slavegirl's pussy a smoldering mess of love juices – clearly that was her problem. Then he put a hood over her head, leashed her up, freed her from the block, cuffed her hands behind her back and led her away. She was so much smaller than him that it was like watching a man walk a dog.

But the tiny woman's hips had a certain sway to them. She had been fucked by trainer, not left on a machine like the rest. It was apparently cause for swagger.

Chloe herself was glad to be on a machine. It felt safer, although clearly not as exciting. Still, she had envied that little bitch without even realizing it.

Chloe however was by this time too far gone in the ecstatic pleasure to be found from squirming atop a dildo to care much. There was everything else and there were the fountains of pleasure shooting through her mind.

Chloe could see other women squirming on other devices now that the tiny woman and her trainer were gone. (She could have seen them all along but she had been fixated on that spectacle.) Most were overweight, though some were not as overweight as Chloe, and Chloe was far from the most overweight woman in the room. They were mostly bound in positions that spread their legs apart with dildos and such going into their pussies and keeping them squirming. Trainers regularly moved women from one device to another. Clearly there was a pattern, a technique, here. Chloe hadn't figure it out yet, but she was sure it was designed

to maximize the workouts the slavegirls were getting without harming them.

Exhausting them, however, was apparently on the program.

Chloe didn't know how long she hung from the bar and squirmed. The dildo and the vibrators kept bringing her to the edge of orgasm and then backing down. Clearly they were being driven by sensors that were relaying information about her body, but Chloe didn't know where those sensors were or what they were sensing, if anything, beyond her pulse, respiration and blood pressure.

Matia sure wasn't controlling her, she saw him now and then checking on other slavegirls (so wrong!) but mostly he was out of sight doing who knows what. Maybe fucking another slavegirl. Chloe was glad just to not have a bag over her head. She saw several other slavegirls on bondage devices with bags over their heads, bags that inflated visibly as they exhaled. Chloe would have hated that. But she also knew that if a trainer wanted her on a machine with a bag over her head, she'd have no choice.

At some point in the long experience of edging, her shoulders aching, her legs quivering, the dildo didn't stop when she approached orgasm, and she came repeatedly, squirming and moaning in mindless pleasure just like all the women in the exercise room did when the trainers decided it was their time to cum.

Chapter 6

It was the sisterhood of forced public multiple orgasms.

When the spasms of pleasure subsided, Matia was there. He unfastened her from the device, then leashed her up, cuffed her and hooded her. He didn't tell her where she was going or what she was going to be doing there, and that was all right. Chloe was just glad to be off that wooden bar. Her shoulders were especially glad.

Her footing was a little unsteady at first and Matia put a hand on her shoulder and helped steady her. They walked some distance past

women moaning in various keys of ecstasy, and stopped. Matia pulled Chloe's hood off. She saw that she was standing in front of something that looked vaguely like an antique piece of furniture called a "fainting couch." (An antiques dealer had tried to sell her one for her estate in Connecticut, but she'd refused it.) It was white and thickly padded and looked wonderfully comfy compared to the torture device she'd been hanging from. It was like an S-curve in furniture form. One end was raised high, where the fainter could lie with her head upright to restore circulation. (Fainting couches were from the 19th century, when medicine had been a more fanciful endeavor than it was now, to put it charitably.) The other end was much lower. The fainter sat in the low end of the curve, her upper body and head resting against the high end, her feet resting on the low end, and presumably anxious attendants at her side rubbing her hands and calling for smelling salt.

This fainting couch was a little different though. It had rings set in its side near the bottom and along the top. And there were suspicious depressions, folds and hinges on the lower end. And a couple of suspicious depression in the upper end.

"I want you to lie down on this thing face down, straddling it with your legs," said Matia.

"Yeff, maffa," Chloe said. "Iff a fayfing ow."

"Maybe on Incel World," said Matia. "We call it a slave press here."

"Yeff, maffa," said Chloe. The term 'slave press' had some potentially dire connotations, but it looked very comfy. Chloe obediently threw one leg over the fainting couch (as Chloe preferred to think of it) straddling it, then lowered her body to it, resting her head against the upright portion of the couch, letting her feet rest on the floor on either side of the couch.

Matia then attached Chloe's wrist cuffs to rings on either side of the front of the couch, and attached her ankle shackles to rings on either side of the back of the couch. When he was through, Chloe was lying fully stretched on the couch, embracing it. She was very comfy.

"Just rest here for a while, I know hanging on that bar was stressful," Matia said.

"Yeff, maffa," Chloe said. She was all for resting on the very comfy couch. She laid her head

against its padded surface and idly wondered what kind of horribly wonderful slavegirl sexual torture device it would turn out to be. But she wasn't too concerned. Her young body was responding well to the stresses it was being subjected to. Her old body's shoulders would be screaming at her for hanging from that bar for so long, and her legs would have been complaining, too. Her shoulders HAD gotten warm and a bit strained hanging from the bar, but they hadn't screamed at her. And her young shoulders had shut up shortly after Matia had freed her from the bar. Her legs were a bit rubbery when she had first tried to walk, but they hadn't been too painful. And now they weren't in any pain.

Amazing what unwinding a few telomeres from every cell in your body could do. The fountain of youth had nothing on modern medicine.

The padded love seat was incredibly comfy and her young body responded well to that. Of course her butt was split wide for all to see but that was par for the course here in the exercise room. At least there was nothing crammed up her ass or her pussy – for now.

Chloe looked at the other women squirming on their various devices. They were entirely unaware of her scrutiny, or anyone's, just as she had been when she had been one of the squirming women. The tiny woman had never shown any awareness of Chloe's gaze even though Chloe had been hypnotized by her fucking the whole time. Probably it was all the orgasms. They were so distracting.

Directly across from Chloe another woman was clearly having orgasms. She was sitting upright on a padded square. A metal post rose up behind the square, with a T-bar atop it. The woman's collar was tied to the post by ropes tied to rings set in either side of her collar, probably to reduce the chances of strangulation. The woman's legs were also tied to her collar, ropes running from her ankle shackles to the collar. Her ankles were also linked together in front of her. Her legs were crossed and raised above her waist by the collar ropes that elevated her ankles, so that she was balanced on her butt.

Directly in front of her a dildo wand was mounted in the front of the pad she sat on, attached

to a short metal pole. The dildo was shoved up her upraised pussy, the wand snug against her clit.

This was definitely the reason the woman's butt was squirming vigorously on the pad and probably was the reason her bound hands twisted and clutched mindlessly at the air. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was wide open, wider than the cock gag that didn't quite fill it. She was clearly cumming, the way her body shuddered and shook on the frame made that obvious. The dildo wand was pressed tightly against her pussy by its mount, there was no way she could escape it with her squirming.

Chloe knew just how she felt. So did all the other women in the room. It was the sisterhood of forced public multiple orgasms.

A short time later a trainer came and freed the woman from the device. Chloe could almost feel her relief.

Another woman was getting more typical exercise. She was hopping on a treadmill. The treadmill was rolling along as treadmills do, and she was suspended from a bar well over her head by bouncy straps that attached to a harness she wore. The harness consisted of two straps that ran down to her crotch. There was cross strap just below her collar that kept them apart, but not too far apart. The harness connected with the hooks at the ends of the bouncy straps at shoulder level, but as she was mostly hanging in midair the harness straps were pulled up above her ears. Her wrists were cuffed behind her back and there was a stretchy rubber band around her waist and elbows, keeping her arms tightly bound to her torso but allowing her body to flex a bit. Another stretchy rubber band was wrapped just above her knees, keeping them together. And her ankle shackles were hooked together.

At her crotch a wand was secured to the two harness straps that met there, giving the woman a wedgie. She was gagged and she bounced up and down as the bouncy ropes lowered her toward the treadmill and the pulled her up when she pushed off with her feet.

Chloe had no idea what the woman was feeling as she bounced up and down on the treadmill. It looked like fun and probably was, except for that super wedgie and the wand that pressed into the

woman's pussy with each drop, the pressure relieved but the vibrations still going as she rose.

It looked like silly fun and probably was, but Chloe was fairly sure that if she were close enough to hear the woman, she'd hear her moans.

Chloe's eyes were drawn to another woman who was atypical. She was not wearing a cock gag. Instead, she was sitting in a chair, her arms cuffed behind her back. A metal pole rose in front of the chair. At about the seated woman's shoulder height it stopped and a horizontal pole about half a meter long sprouted from the pole, extended away from her. It made a right angle at its end and stuck about a quarter of a meter into the air. There was a thick metal ring circling the upright end of the pole, with an immobile metal ring fixed to it, facing toward the woman. There were three long metal springs fixed in the metal ring. They all stretched out to attach to the rings at the front and side of the collar worn by the woman in the chair. They were loose and the woman could easily sit upright with the rings stretched out.

But there was a catch. Sprouting from the top of the pole that the horizontal pole was attached to was a flat metal plate that stood up vertically, facing the woman like a mirror. And a long, thick dildo was fixed in the center of the plate. Well, one end of the dildo was attached to the plate. The other, predictably, was in the woman's mouth. The springs snaked around the pole that held the plate and dildo in place. The woman kept pulling her head backward in an attempt to get the dildo out of her mouth but apparently it was too deeply lodged for that to work. When the woman's head was far enough back that the dildo appeared to be about eight inches long, the springs were very tight, and they pulled the woman's collar, head and mouth back toward the pole, and hence the dildo lodged in her throat.

The woman also wore a belt with rings set in it, and straps set in those rings ran through rings set in the backs of two vibrating dildos that were lodged deep inside her pussy and ass. And her ass was squirming. Her hands were contorting too, betraying the effects the dildos were having on her.

Her eyes were opened and they had a distant, dreamy look to them. She was on her own planet. She had a beautiful face, a tiny, round mouth, a button nose and startling blue eyes. Her face was

very round from all her weight, but she had one of those bodies and faces that somehow managed to retain their beauty even when overweight. The woman looked utterly content with that phallus filling her small, round mouth. She looked like that plastic cock was the tastiest thing she had ever had in her mouth. Once again, it wasn't the sort of expression you could easily fake. It was strange, though, the contrast between her squirming butt and her utterly idyllic facial expression. Maybe this was the woman's O-face, but if so, Chloe was pretty sure it wasn't a typical O-face. Chloe wasn't an expert on O-faces, but everything she'd ever heard about them made them seem more like that utterly uncontrolled, startled look the tiny woman had worn as she came, rather than the beautiful relaxed face of the dildo sucking woman.

Another woman was clearly not having nearly as good a time as the cock-sucking beauty. She looked middle-aged. Her hair was cut very short, like Chloe's lesbian friend Gina wore hers. With her hair cut so short the straps that held the cock gag in her mouth were very visible.

She was lying on her side, her hands cuffed behind her back, her ankles cuffed together. (Chloe was beginning to see how collars, ankle cuffs and wrist shackles were real labor-saving devices in these kennels.) A strap ran from her collar to a much wider, thicker strap that encircled the woman's leg just above her knee. That strap was in turn connected by a thin strap to another thick strap that encircled the woman's leg at about mid-calf. The woman's ankle shackles were tied to one end of a dildo pole, the other end of which was deep in her pussy. Her feet were also bound to the dildo pole by many strands of rope, so that they couldn't slip about on the pole.

And the woman was ramming the dildo pole in and out of her pussy, pulling her legs in to bring the dildo into her body. The straps that encircled her legs above and below her knee kept her from straightening out her legs enough to pull the pole out of her pussy. Hence she worked her pussy with an almost metronomic effect.

But there was nothing Chloe could see to keep the woman from simply stopping. There was no machine driving the dildo pole, it was all her sending the thing plunging relentlessly in and out of her pussy.

She was also unlike the other women in that she wasn't entirely absorbed in her plight, or ecstasy or what-have-you. She looked around the room with haunted, deeply embarrassed eyes, and her face somehow managed to mirror that embarrassment even with the cock gag filling her mouth. In fact the cock gag sort of helped. It gave her face a strained look that matched her expression.

The woman caught Chloe's eye at one point and quickly looked away. She couldn't stand the shame, Chloe supposed. Chloe didn't understand her embarrassment. Chloe was just as naked and bound as she was, and Chloe was more overweight than she was, though the woman did have a huge butt and thunder thighs, and large breasts that slid on the floor as she moved. She was also leaving a trail of drool from the corner of her mouth on the floor as she moved.

Maybe it was because she was actively fucking herself with the dildo pole, whereas most of the women in the exercise room were passively getting fucked. Tied down and helpless with the machines driving the vibrators, they were not in any way responsible for their arousal, it was all being done to them.

But this poor woman was doing it to herself. Maybe that felt different. Chloe didn't know, but it seemed a moot point to her. Every woman in the room had signed the contract, and no one had made them do it.

Matia returned.

"The couch is going to shift a bit, don't be alarmed, it won't harm you," he said.

Chloe just looked at Matia. She'd enjoyed the break, the time spent staring at the women writhing, and mostly the time spent resting. But it was over. Chloe heard some humming and looked back at its source and saw the footrest end of the fainting couch elongating and then rising behind her. As it rose, two dildos slid out of depression in the surface of the padding. As the "footrest" bent forward Chloe knew where they were headed. But before they touched Chloe, Matia carefully smeared lube all over them. A very thoughtful trainer. Then he guided the dildos into Chloe's pussy and ass as the footrest slowly moved forward and downward.

When the dildos were fully thrust into Chloe, the footstool had closed over the entire surface of Chloe's butt and back – her legs splayed out of the sides of the fainting couch, as did her arms. Looked at from the side, she appeared for all the world to be a piece of meat sloppily stuffed between two slices of white bread to make a sandwich.

But the footrest was not the only part of the fainting couch to be transformed. Chloe's breasts pressed into two depressions that sank obligingly deeper for them. But as they sank they stopped being featureless white padding. Instead they became soft, rubbery nubbins that squirmed obscenely against her breasts and especially her nipples.

Chloe pulled against her bonds and muffled into her cock gag – she couldn't help it, it was unnerving to be so utterly enclosed. But the fainting couch didn't squeeze her, it stopped at contact with her flesh, leaving her just very securely to the couch.

Then the dildos in her ass and pussy began vibrating. A moment after they began vibrating, they began moving slowly back and forth inside her. The dildos moved slowly at first but rapidly picked up speed. Soon they were working her pussy and ass vigorously, and Chloe's mindless squirming went from alarm to pleasure.

In fact, it felt very nice to be so enclosed by the slave press. It was like being held by a lover while being fucked senseless. Granted, the slave press was not sentient by any standard and was not capable of feeling emotions, but it did have a warm embrace and Chloe liked that.

Chloe guessed that being fucked on machines in the exercise room was having an effect on her standards. Possibly not a good one, but Chloe didn't care, it felt nice to be hugged even if the embrace was mechanical.

Soon Chloe's eyes took on the distant, unseeing look of the other women in the exercise room as the dildos had their way with her and the unseen things that were nibbling at her nipples so nastily did their job as well. Orgasms began welling up from deep inside her as Chloe's arms and legs tugged mindlessly against their bonds. Other than that, Chloe was virtually unseen, for the very end of the slave press enclosed the back of

her head. Other than the arms and legs she was just round pink flesh pressed tightly between the sandwich bread slabs of the slave press.

Naturally, Chloe was disappointed when the dildos slowed down before she could cum. And her orgasms dissipated at the same time. But the slave press kept her in its warm embrace, which was nice, and in a little while the dildos started up again, which was even nicer.

As she squirmed animalistically in the embrace of the slave press for what seemed like an eternity and probably was quite a long time, Chloe was aware at some level that she undoubtedly looked like every other woman in the room, a squirming pink beast lost in ecstasy. That, Chloe supposed, was what made the whole situation tolerable to her. Ecstasy loves company. And it was hard to feel humiliated and singled out when everyone around you was in the exact same situation you were in.

Eventually, a very long eventually, she came within the warm, slippery confines (Chloe had sweated a lot) of the slave press. It was a dirty, nasty, joyous series of orgasms that left Chloe feeling almost as if the slave press were literally fucking her, not just mechanically probing her blazing nether region with unfeeling latex phalli.

It was an illusion of course. But a very nice illusion, and Chloe completely gave herself over to it as she squirmed inside the hot mess that her body and the slave press had become.

When Matia raised the slave press off her a good 15 minutes after it had had its way with Chloe, or more accurately, after Chloe had had her way with the slave press, she felt a cool blast of air on her sweaty back.

"You got a good workout in there, girl," Matia observed approvingly. Sexual molestation that made a woman sweat was a good thing here. He freed Chloe's wrists and ankles and tossed her a towel. "Get yourself dried off, girl."

Yeff, maffa," Chloe said, rubbing the very large, fluffy towel all over herself. It felt great. In a few moments she was merely damp.

"Let's get you somewhere dryer," Matia said, leashing Chloe up, fastening her cuffs behind her back and sliding a hood over her head.

"Heel," he said and Chloe followed. She wondered why he went to so much trouble to take her such sort distances. It didn't make a lot of

sense. Maybe it was part of conditioning her to like bondage, or at least to get used to it. That was all she could come up with. There sure wasn't any immediate practical reason for it, it seemed like a lot of trouble for very little.

When Matia removed the hood the next thing she saw was a thick padded seat sticking from the wall with a few slave rings on the wall behind it. Projecting from the seat were two dildos. Chloe was pretty sure where they were headed.

"Have a seat, but slowly," Matia said as he lubed the dildos.

"Yeff, maffa," Chloe said. She slowly lowered her butt to the chair and Mattia guided the dildos into place as her butt engulfed them. When the dildos were fully inside her, he nodded and tied a long rope to Chloe's right ankle shackle. He pulled the rope up into the air and ran it through a ring set in the wall above Chloe's head and well to the side. Then he freed Chloe's wrists and stretched her right arm out so that it was extended a little more than elbow length from her body. He grabbed the rope and pulled it down, raising her leg so that it was about a third of a meter off the floor. Matia tied the rope to her wrist cuff so that the leg remained at the same level.

Then Matia did the same to her left wrist and ankle, so that the full weight of her body pressed her butt into the chair. But Chloe could raise and lower her legs and arms. She just couldn't get her butt more than an inch off the seat.

Matia loosened Chloe's gag and took a look at it.

"Still plenty of goo in there, good for you," he said. "Some girls suck 'em pretty hard, but you get about as much flavor if you only suck a little. Looks like you figured that out."

And with those words he shoved the cock gag back in her mouth.

And Chloe was glad, that gag was delicious. She hadn't been thinking of it at all what with all the vigorous fucking the dildos were giving her, but at a very fundamental level she had been enjoying it.

Matia smiled and pushed a button on the panel that was displayed on the wall behind Chloe, and Chloe felt the dildos and the vibrating eggs begin their work on her poor vulnerable naughty bits. (Chloe wondered how the vibrating eggs, still

stuck to her, were powered to keep going for so long. Then she remembered that Collar World battery tech far exceeded Earth's battery tech. Nobody believed that the battery tech the Collar World diplomats had gifted Earth with was their most advanced, or close to it, and the tech they gifted Earth with was WAY more advanced than any current Earth battery tech.)

Whatever, the one over her clit was working it like crazy. As the dildos moved faster and faster she found herself squirming helplessly on the seat. And as she squirmed, her arms and legs moved, and not randomly. If her arm came down, her leg was raised, if her arm came up, her leg was lowered. The effect was that her whole body was squirming on the pad. The latex dildo sprouted from her pussy, so helplessly exposed by her widespread legs, obscenely working its rubbery length in and out of her pussy. The throbbing and vibrations created by it and the egg over her clit soon had rivers of pleasure flowing through Chloe's mind. Her nipples were also afire with pleasure.

Soon enough Chloe was right on the edge of orgasm, and it seemed like she hung there forever, but then the dildos slowed and so did Chloe's squirming. For a few brief moments she was able to see the other women squirming before her, but not with the clarity she had seen them with before the slave press had begun to press the orgasms out of her. They were just squirming lumps of flesh on the bondage machines, or exercise machines or orgasm machines or whatever the hell you wanted to call them because they were all that.

And they all had the same effect on the women bound to them, they turned them into mindless squirming animals.

Of which Chloe was one.

Some time later, Matia came and got Chloe off the seat. The dildos and the eggs had stopped vibrating a while ago and Chloe hung utterly limp in the ropes, unmoving. She was tired but she was also happy. The long-delayed orgasms were so very, very intense, they left her limp and satisfied.

She had had a few orgasms that intense with Fred, but not always, and it was mostly love of Fred that did it. This was pure, mechanical manipulation of her body and mind.

And it worked so beautifully.

Chapter 7

***They might be sexually licentious,
but they were environmentally
puritanical.***

“Break time,” Matia announced as he hooded, cuffed and leashed Chloe after freeing her from her bonds.

“Yeff, maffa,” Chloe slurred.

“Heel,” said Matia, and Chloe rose to her feet and walked blindly after Matia. This walk was longer than usual. They left the exercise room and entered another room, a much quieter room. She could hear male and female voices speaking softly. The tone of the female voices made it clear that the women who were speaking were very happy. The guys sounded relaxed and happy, too.

When Matia removed her hood, Chloe found herself standing in front of a comfy padded couch. Matia undid Chloe’s gag and let it lie limp and wet on her chest.

“Wait here, don’t sit down just yet,” Matia ordered.

“Yes, Master,” Chloe said, the words momentarily sounding strange in her mouth without a cock gag muffling them.

Matia walked over to a kitchen area, got a few odds and ends from a fridge, a bin and some cabinets and loaded them onto a tray. Then he grabbed a two liter bottle of water from the fridge and carried it over to the couch. He seated himself comfy on the couch with his legs manspreaded, and set the tray and the water bottle on the couch beside him. (It was a very wide couch, there was more than enough room.) He leaned back against the couch’s very tall armrest (it looked more like the taller end of a fainting couch than an Earth sofa).

“Sit,” Matia said, patting the area between his legs.

Chloe hesitated briefly. She was very conscious of her weight.

“Sit,” Matia repeated firmly. It was clearly an order, and Chloe had a pretty good idea that it was

not a good idea for slavegirls to disobey orders. She sat down between his legs, sitting upright.

“Go ahead, snuggle in,” said Matia. “Relax, it’s break time.”

Chloe slowly and carefully laid back against Matia’s muscular frame. As she snuggled in, her hands, still cuffed behind her back, were nestled against his lower abdomen, awfully close to his cock, she suspected. She kept her hands from sliding down low and accidentally making contact as she snuggled. She was nervous. Intimacy somehow left her feeling more nervous than all the salacious displays she had been bound into.

“You thirsty?” Matia asked.

“God, yes,” Chloe said.

“OK, I’ll hold the bottle up to your mouth and you can drink from it,” said Matia. “Raise your head when you want me to raise the bottle, lower it when you want me to lower it.”

“Yes, Master,” said Chloe. She was in fact very thirsty after all the writhing and squirming and wriggling. When Matias lifted the bottle and she drank the cool wet liquid, it was heaven, though in fact it was only water. Granted, it was very good water. Collar World was not at all tolerant of polluters. They might be sexually licentious, but they were environmentally puritanical.

After she’d had several long, refreshing gulps of water, Chloe said, “That’s enough I think for now, Master.”

“OK,” said Matias. “You like grapes? Cheese? Veggies? Sausages?”

“Yes to all,” said Chloe. “I am a professional cook, so my standards are high but my tastes are broad.”

“See what you think of this,” said Matias, holding a cube of cheese in front of Chloe’s mouth. She ate it from his fingers. He was hand-feeding her, like she was a pet of some kind.

“It’s very nice,” said Chloe. “Sharp like a cheddar, but with a nutty flavor I can’t place. Collar World cheese?”

“Yup,” said Mattias. He sounded comfortable and relaxed, too. “Now, I’m going to feed you bits and pieces, that’s how slavegirls are treated on breaks here, they relax and snuggle with their masters or mistresses and get hand fed goodies.”

“A lovely custom,” Chloe said.

“Now if you have any questions about what you’ve experienced or seen or whatever, now would be a fine time to ask,” said Mattias. “You don’t have to ask questions if you don’t want to. This is a time to relax and be comfortable.”

“I like that, but I do have questions,” said Chloe. “Mostly stuff I saw.”

“Such as?” Mattias said, giving Chloe a few grapes to chew on.

Chloe ate the grapes, they were lovely and sweet. Not the best she’d ever had, but very nice.

“Most of the women I saw were entirely passive in the bondage machines, engines drive the vibrators, and/or eggs do the vibrating,” said Chloe. “But I saw one woman who was actively pushing a dildo in and out of herself. And most of the women in the room were like me, very distracted by the dildos and such and not at all focused on what was going on around them. But she was looking around at everyone. But when she saw me looking at her, she immediately looked away. She just radiated embarrassment. It was notable.”

“She wasn’t the only one looking around,” said Matia.

“I looked around when you were letting me rest between fuckings,” said Chloe.

“That’s fine, it’s just that most clients don’t have much ability to be observant on their first day,” said Matia. “As for the woman you saw, she was probably one of those who find sexual humiliation exciting. Most women do, to some extent or another, but some women find it VERY exciting. So we make sure they get all the humiliation they can stand. We make them fuck themselves. We order them to look other people in the eye while they fuck themselves. She probably came a little when she saw you watching her. So deliciously humiliating.”

“I’m glad I could be of help,” said Chloe.

Matia gave Chloe a juicy clamato, a Collar World vegetable that was not related to the Earth juice, except for tasting very much like it.

“I had sort of thought you were going to try to homogenize us, make us all identical Collar World slave girls, sexually speaking,” said Chloe.

“That would be extremely foolish of us,” said Matia. “Every woman we get here is different, and their sexuality varies greatly. We don’t attempt to

change their sexuality, we just try to substitute their addiction to food for a much less dangerous addiction to sex.”

“Less dangerous?” Chloe asked cynically.

“Yes, far less dangerous to your health than an addiction to eating,” said Matia “You gave yourself diabetes with your addiction to food, and strained your heart as well. You know that. Sex addiction only has consequences if you get to where you don’t care who you fuck or under what circumstances. But if you have a loving partner that you are happy to slake your lust on a lot, it’s not dangerous at all. Frequent fucking isn’t as good as jogging or running, but it’s good, and it doesn’t have all those unfortunate effects that overeating does.”

I suppose you are right, Master,” Chloe said.

“You know I’m right, that’s why you’re here,” said Matia.

“Good point, Master,” said Chloe. “Another thing I observed that was out of the ordinary. One of the girls was being full-on fucked by a Master. And she was also unusual in that she did not appear to have any weight to lose. She was just a tiny thing and the Master that was fucking her was huge. I was afraid he was hurting her at first, but when I looked more closely I saw nothing but pleasure in the way she moved. And she had this lost, surprised expression, I think it was her O-face. And she wore it for a long time.”

“Yeah, that’d probably be Lily and Buell,” said Matia. “Lily will be leaving any day now. She is, as you observed, a tiny thing but she wasn’t tiny when she came in here. She had a lot of weight to lose, and she lost it. We have her at optimal weight now. She likes to be fucked by a man rather than a machine, so she gets fucked by trainers regularly. She’s going to be very popular back on Earth.”

“Ah,” said Chloe. “Don’t most women here prefer to get fucked by men or women rather than machines?”

“Not really,” said Matias. “Most find the impersonality of the dildos comforting. No emotional relationships. They’re here to lose weight, not find boyfriends. And even if our clients wanted men to fuck them, that would require a much larger staff than we have. Even clients like Lily mostly get machine-fucked. You just caught her getting lucky.”

“She seemed to be enjoying it,” Chloe said dryly, remembering that surprised, blank expression. “Another thing I was wondering about, I guess all the devices are to exercise different parts of our bodies in different ways, varying them a lot?” Chloe asked.

“Yes,” said Matia. “Your body is unused to being worked out so we try to keep the stress on it low by varying the areas that get exercised, and keeping your cardio within strict limits. As your body grows fitter and fitter, we’ll increase the cardio but we’ll still vary the areas that get stressed since that’s best for long-term exercise.”

“Ah,” said Chloe. “That makes sense. I heard this program started out for Collar World women. Has being overweight been a problem on Collar World?”

“Food is easy to get addicted to, even on Collar World,” said Matias. “Centuries ago, it was much more of a problem than it is now. Nowadays it’s a very small minority of women or men on Collar World who have weight problems. Something like this program was developed to help the small minority of women who have weight problems here. We’ve had to ramp up quite a bit to accommodate all the women of Earth who want to lose weight here and we anticipate we’ll have to ramp up the program a great deal more as Earth women return to Earth and make the superiority of our techniques clear.”

“You sound very sure of yourself,” said Chloe.

“It’s not that we think we’re so wonderful, it’s that we know that Earth weight loss programs are abysmal failures,” said Matias. “Some people can get the weight off -- extremely determined and strong-willed people like yourself, but very, very few people can keep it off for three years. A tiny percentage, according to your own studies: some say 3 percent, others say 5 or 10 percent. Beating those numbers will not be difficult for us, though we won’t be able to say for sure until a year or two from now. We expect our numbers to come in at more like 80 to 90 percent.”

“That will be impressive, if it happens,” said Chloe.

“Your experiences on Incel World show that your cynicism is warranted,” said Matia. “Our studies show that over 99 percent of Collar World slavegirls who have gone through this program

have lost their target weight and kept it off in perpetuity. We estimate we will not have the same results for Incel World women, since your world encourages much less healthy lives than ours does.”

“Yes, all the sex,” said Chloe.

“Definitely!” Matia said with a grin. “Also, we get a lot more exercise than you do. We run, we bicycle, we swim, we surf, we dance, we play all sorts of games, we have fun. Incel people mostly just work and recover from work. It’s sick stuff.”

“Yeah, people who come here for tourism say it’s like visiting a big resort where everybody plays all the time,” said Chloe.

“A very Incel World viewpoint,” said Matias. “You people work your lives away, you have no idea how to actually live a meaningful life.”

“Another thing that people say is that Collar World people are a lot friendlier and more open,” said Chloe. “Especially the women, but also the men. And forgive me if this seems out of line, but even here in this kennel that seems to be true. I even get the impression that most trainers like us Earth women. In fact, I get the impression that underneath the whole trainer thing, you like me. It’s subtle, but I get that vibe.”

“Well I do like you,” said Mattias. “Most people here are more disposed to like other people than Incel World people. We don’t live in a capitalist society. We do not compete with one another to survive, hence we are not alienated from one another and ourselves, so it is much easier to be friendly. Also there’s so much less violence and almost no rape or sexual harassment so relations between men and women are much easier.”

“I think there’s more to it than that,” said Chloe. “You’re not giving me the Fat Broad treatment that I get from most Earth men who don’t know me well.”

“Incel World men are well known to be fucked up in many ways, it’s the reason the name stuck,” said Matia. “They treat all women as potential sexual partners, which I suppose they are in a sense, because Incel World men are so sex-starved. But they also mock Incel World women for being sexually active, for being overweight, for being thin, for a wide variety of supposed flaws. We don’t do that here. Plus, not a lot of Fat Broads around to treat badly.”

“You make us sound so awful,” said Chloe.

“Incel Worlders are awful, but it’s not your fault,” said Matias. “It’s your culture, you’re centuries behind us in a lot of ways, most especially in human relations and economics. You got out of the Age of Kings technologically, but not culturally. You treat each other abominably. It’s a testament to the power of love that any of you are able to maintain anything resembling a healthy relationship in that mess of a culture you have.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment to my marriage to Fred,” said Chloe.

“It was intended as such,” said Matia.

“Do you have a slavegirl?” Chloe asked.

“Yes,” said Matia. “Flini Bresk honored me by accepted my personal collar twelve years ago.”

“And now she has to do anything you say,” said Chloe.

“It’s not that she has to, it’s that she wants to,” said Matia.

“And you do the same sort of things with her that you do with us here?” Chloe asked.

“No, not at all,” said Matia. “She’s at a healthy weight, she’s not trying to lose weight. What I do with her is more an expression of our sexual feelings toward one another than any kind of weight loss regimen. And I’m not trying to crank up her sex drive, she’s got plenty of that, all that I can handle. It’s a very different dynamic.”

“So there’s no jealousy?” Chloe asked.

“No, Collar World women don’t get jealous of Masters who fuck and dominate Free Use girls, and they’re a lot more desirable to Collar World men than Incel World women are,” said Matia.

“Yet you like me,” Chloe said.

“I do,” said Matia. “I bet your Fred has women he likes, do you think that’s grounds for jealousy?”

“No,” said Chloe. “We’re sound. He loves me, I love him.”

“Exactly,” said Matia.

Chapter 8

She wasn't used to these machines that played her libido like it was a musical instrument.

A few minutes later ... far too few for Chloe – it was time to quit. Chloe was really enjoying talking to Matia and being hand fed by him. There was a certain very nice intimacy to it. It was so relaxing. And she was learning so much about Matia. She had never expected him to like her as a person, or that she would like him as a person. But she did.

Chloe had imagined that if there were any personal attraction between her and Matia it would be one of those mysterious Collar World things where she would be overwhelmed by the Master's sexual energy and turn into an unthinking sex slut and love slave, doing whatever degenerate act he ordered because she was under the spell of his mighty Mastery.

Instead Chloe was doing whatever degenerate sex act the Master ordered because it was part of her weight loss program, though it did help that she thought Matia was a nice, decent guy under all that Mastery.

After the break it was back under the hood and back to the exercise room, where she was bound to various exercise machines for some amount of time, Chloe would have guessed 2 to 3 hours, but she wasn't sure.

It was weird, Chloe thought she might have become jaded and habituated to the bondage machines, but that wasn't what happened. She found she got turned on faster and that the machines had to put the brakes on themselves and her more often because she was so aroused by them.

It made sense in a way. Her experiences with sex toys were pretty much limited to handheld vibrators that were totally under her control. She wasn't used to these machines that played her libido like it was a musical instrument. Of course they turned her on.

Eventually Matia took her off the machines and hooded her up and leashed her up and led her

away, this time to a new place. It was a very wet place by the smell of it, though it didn't have the reek of chlorine of an Earth swimming pool.

At the new place Matia freed Chloe's hands from behind her back only to hook her wrist cuffs together in front of her. Then he raised them into the air and attached them to something made of metal just above her head. Only then did he remove her hood, and Chloe saw that she was in a shower room. There were several stalls, all with a hose but no shower head, just tile enclosures on three sides and a drain.

Matia went over to the hose and picked it up and turned some faucets and adjusted the nozzle and felt the water that flowed out of the hose until it felt comfortable, then he turned the hose on Chloe.

The water was warm and actually felt pretty good. Chloe was a sweaty mess and she reeked of sex. She hadn't expected to be hosed down like this, but she supposed it was a very slave kennel thing to do. Plus, she had no energy to resist after her time in the exercise room.

Matia was very thorough with the hose. He washed every bit of her, he even lifted her boobs to wash the folds beneath them. He lifted the fold in her belly and washed that. He pulled her butt cheeks apart with one hand while hosing down her butt crack with the other hand. The folds of her pussy got the same treatment.

Then he put an attachment on the hose that oozed soap from it spongelike end, and he soaped her down with the same thoroughness, getting her hair soaped up, too. Then he rinsed the soap off her, also very thoroughly. Finally he pushed some buttons and the hook her cuffs were attached to moved, taking her along with them, and Chloe found herself hanging in front of a large fan. At the touch of another button the fan blew warm air over Chloe while Matia very thoroughly dried her with some fluffy towels, paying special attention to her hair. When he was done Chloe was dry all over and her \$300 hairdo was a thing of the past. Her hair hung in shapeless but very clean locks.

Then Matia freed Chloe's wrists from the hook and cuffed them behind her back, leashed her up and hooded her. He led her to a more familiar destination: her cell.

“You know the drill with the food,” said Matias. “You did well today, girl. Enjoy your free time. You’ve earned it.”

“Yes, Master,” Chloe said as Matia left. The gag hung around her neck and her hands were cuffed behind her back. She sighed and knelt down in front of the bowls. She was famished, the snacks during the break had been nice but not all that filling. The stew was filling, and Chloe plunged right in without hesitation. She tried to eat slowly, to make the meal last, but it was difficult. Eventually her cuffs unsnapped which told her she’d eaten a lot of the stew, and she did slow down as eating was a lot more comfy with her hands free.

Later she laid on the cot, her belly full. She was absolutely exhausted. The only thing in the world she wanted to do was close her eyes and go to sleep. But there was one thing she had to do. She grabbed her cell phone and called Fred.

“How you doing, Chloe?” Fred’s familiar voice said. She was so glad to hear it. “Hanging in there?”

“Yeah, it’s not that bad,” said Chloe. “As Jen said, the trainers aren’t cruel or mean, but they are serious about the whole exercise thing.”

“I hope they didn’t push you too hard,” said Fred. There was a weird two second pause in what he said because the data that carried their voices was being sent back and forth through a crosstime gate. It was a miracle they could talk at all, but the tech people here and on Earth had figured out how to manage it fairly easily, apparently.

“No, they monitor the heck out of us every step of the way, as discussed,” said Chloe. “If my vitals get too stressed, things slow down or shut down entirely until I’m rested.”

“Good,” said Fred. “So what’s it like?”

“It’s a big room like a fitness center, lots and lots of machines,” said Chloe. “About half of them have women squirming on them because of all the dildos and vibrators. Pretty much what we expected. All the machines have displays on them that show our pulse, respiration, oxygen uptake and blood pressure, probably more.”

“Ah,” said Fred. “I’m glad to hear you’re OK.”

“I am OK, but very, very tired,” said Chloe. “They don’t overstress me, but they did exercise me for hours. I am exhausted.”

“Well get some rest, then,” said Fred. “Don’t let me keep you up.”

“I will,” said Chloe. “I just wanted to let you know I’m OK. Let Molly know, too, she’ll be worried.”

“I will,” Fred promised.

“Great, then I’ll hit the sack now,” said Chloe. “Love you.”

“Love you, too,” Fred said, and they hung up.

Chloe smiled. It had been good to hear Fred’s voice, to be reminded that there was a normal, non-Collar World out there to return to when she got this finished. She knew Fred would call everyone, not just Molly, and let them know she was OK.

She hadn’t told Fred about the fucking she’d seen or the cuddling she’d experienced. Why bother him with it? They both knew that one of the goals here was to make her crave sex the way she craved food.

She laid on her cot and stared at the other cells where other women were sleeping or talking on their cell phones or reading or watching their tablets. She was sure she had a lot to think about and process, but in just moments her eyes became glazed, then closed, and then she was asleep.

Chloe woke early in the morning for her (she’d left her pad and phone on Earth time, Collar World time was base 24 and hard for her to figure out). She got on her phone and got some texts out and then moved to her pad to check out her social media. Nothing much happening there, her story was that she was at a weight reduction spa and would be taking it easy for a couple of months. There were a couple of joke posts saying she was in Collar World that were uncomfortably close to the truth, but it was obvious they were joking and ignoring them was her best move.

By the time a trainer showed to take Chloe away to the exercise room, she was curiously ready. The exercise was stressful, but the constant machine fucking was pure horny goodness. Her body wanted more of that.

Oh, God. The trainers were right, she realized. She was already turning into a slut.

Which did not change her eagerness one bit.

“Oh, you’re new,” said Chloe when she saw the trainer. He was slightly taller than Matia but not so buff.

"I'm Brever Nastiri," he said, smiling. "Matia's work week is over."

"Oh, right, only four days," said Chloe.

"Actually, only three days this week," said Brever, "since Matia put in an 11 hour day getting you settled in."

"Oh, right, six hour days," said Chloe. She did not get six hour workdays at all. She had heard the statistics about anything more than a six hour day being unproductive. But she could not believe it after all the 12 and sometimes 16 hour days she had put in when she was building her business. It felt like laziness to her.

Lazy or not, Brever was just as skilled and just as determined to get her exercising, and just as willing to answer her questions, and just as willing not to take "no" for an answer from her.

"Why do you exercise me before breakfast?" Chloe asked as Brever strapped her into her first bondage machine of the day. It was a sybian mounted on a wall with her arms spread out in a spreadeagle, though not a full spreadeagle. They left her plenty of wriggle room. Wiggling was exercise, she was learning, especially when you did it vigorously and a lot and even when you were not at all aware of it because you were on the edge of cumming. "I'm not all that hungry, just curious."

(She was lying a bit, of course she was hungry, she was hungry all the time except for that golden hour or two after she'd had her stew. But she wasn't STARVING. Well, not nearly as much as she'd expected to be.)

"We do it because it's the best time to get your body to burn fat," said Brever. "You haven't eaten all night, so your body will dig into those fat stores to get the energy you need."

"I feel like my body burns fat all day," Chloe said as he fastened her wrist cuffs to rings in the wall behind her. He had already slid her carefully onto the dildo and nubby bit that projected from the sybian's saddle.

"You know better than that, your file said you yo-yo dieted for years," said Brever. "It burns the proteins, fats and carbs from your stew first."

"Well, I know better but my body doesn't," said Chloe.

“We’re not going to be listening to your body in here,” said Brever. “We’ll monitor the hell out of it, but we won’t listen.”

Then Brever left and the nubby part of the sybian started rubbing her pussy and the dildo started probing her ass and in a very short time Chloe’s mind was in that steamy place of raw lust, her arms and legs moving mindlessly in their bonds as the sybian took control of her body and her mind.

And it felt great to Chloe.

Her routine was much like it had been the previous day, except that in the early afternoon, Brever left and a trainer named Aan took over. This was the actual norm at the kennels, two trainers working a six-hour day gave her a 12-hour day.

“Why don’t I get a six-hour day?” Chloe asked when she was lying relaxed in Aan’s lap at break time.

“Because you’re not working, you’re being worked on,” said Aan. “A long, slow approach to exercise will give you the fastest, healthiest results.”

“I knew there’d be a catch,” said Chloe.

“We’re all about the catches in this place,” Aan agreed. He appeared to be enjoying break time just as much as Chloe, and he appeared to like Chloe, too, as Brever had. It was weird to have men generally like her. And she loved it.

“You like all the girls you train?” Chloe asked.

“Of course,” said Aan. “This job would be hard if I didn’t.”

“You wouldn’t like forcing women you dislike to exercise and get machine fucked a lot?” Chloe asked.

“You’re thinking about it wrong,” said Aan. “I wouldn’t enjoy helping women I disliked get their bodies back.”

“Ah,” said Chloe.

“I mean, sadists only hurt the ones they love,” said Aan. “Why should the women they don’t love get lucky when there are women who love taking what they dish out?”

“Never thought of it that way,” said Chloe.

“Why should you have, back on Incel World?” Aan asked. “They don’t do sex the normal way.”

“That’s exactly what people on Earth say about Collar World,” said Chloe.

For the next week or two Chloe's life became nothing but exercise, eating and sleeping. She had little or no energy for anything else. In the mornings she would text her friends and associates and post occasionally on social media, but that was about it for non-physical activities. Chloe never felt bored – oh, they kept her busy in every sense of the word – but she wasn't herself. She was a squirming, moaning mass of female flesh on a bondage machine or she was recovering from being a squirming, moaning mass of female flesh, or she was eating or she was asleep. It may have been physically healthy for her, but there wasn't much of who she was involved.

Oddly, the thing she missed most about being on Collar World and not on Earth was being important to people generally. On Earth whenever she entered a room or met with people they gave great deference to her and listened carefully and respectfully to what she said, even if they did not know her well.

Chloe was self-aware enough to know that this was mostly because she was rich, and often the employer or a client or investor to those she was talking to so they'd damned well better listen carefully.

But she liked it nonetheless. It was pure, raw ego-boo and she didn't get it on Collar World.

The fact that her trainers seemed to like her personally was great, it made her feel great, but it just wasn't ego-boo in the same way. Just the opposite in many ways. It was obvious that most of the trainers, probably like most residents of Collar World, regarded Earth people as cultural primitives. Social idiots, more to be pitied than feared. She hated that, most especially since it was probably true. She could understand why some people on Earth hated and feared Collar World. People who thought they were superior to you but really weren't superior were annoying enough. People who thought they were superior to you and really were superior were SUPER annoying.

For the life of her, she couldn't understand why they liked her if she was so primitive and backward. She didn't know how she'd feel about having to work with Amazon rainforest tribesmen, but she was pretty sure she wouldn't like them. She probably feel kind of... distant... toward them.

Chloe was happily enjoying one of the less-strenuous bondage machines. It was just a pad mounted at a thirty-degree angle off the floor. Her butt was on the floor, her back and head were lying on the pad, and her ankle cuffs were linked to rings set in the floor that left her legs stretched out and (of course) wide apart. Her wrist cuffs were attached to rings set in the floor on either side of the pad near its base, so that she looked very much as if she were relaxing in a poolside chair with a pina colada at her side.

Except of course for the lack of pina colada and the gag that filled her mouth and the dildo pole machine that thrust a dildo in and out of Chloe's exposed pussy, and the egg vibes over her clit and nipples.

But otherwise, exactly like a poolside recliner, except for the lack of a pool.

The pole and the eggs were doing their usual work of herding Chloe toward orgasm, making her squirm and arch her back against the pad as the streams of pleasure flowed through her.

And one moment she was all comfy in her bonds and the throes of orgasm and the next everything went blank for an instant and then she was falling into a pile of soft, spongy balls.

"What the fuck?" Chloe cried. She was no longer bound. The gag was no longer in her mouth. Her collar was gone. Her wrist cuffs were gone. She was stark naked.

Then Chloe figured it out. The snapback. Crosstime travel was never permanent, you could only spend a week or so in the other world before the iron laws of causality or physics or whatever snapped you back to your home timeline. Then you had to go back through the gate again to get back to the alternate world.

There was sometimes a short fall when you traveled between worlds, so gates were typically surrounded by large ball baths to let people land without hurting themselves. Chloe had landed on her butt, then her back fell flat into the ball bath, no longer supported by the pad. Fortunately, the soft, spongy balls had cushioned her fall, as intended.

Chapter 9

She was on Earth. If she could run out that door, she could find food and eat it.

“Your name please?” a pleasant female voice asked.

Chloe looked around and saw a Collar World slavegirl in typical Collar World slavegirl garb, i.e., collar, cuffs, shackles and nothing else, standing over her and looking at her with professional interest.

“Chloe, Chloe Dahl,” said Chloe.

“I’m Vigna,” said the woman. Like most Collar World women, she went only by her first name.

“Are you all right? Any strains, sprains, bruises?”

“I don’t think so,” said Chloe.

“Good, let’s get you out of here,” said Vigna, extending a helping hand. “You never know when someone is going to get snapped back and we don’t want anyone landing on you.”

Vigna helped Chloe out of the ball bath and helped her to a chair.

“First snapback, I take it?” Vigna asked, going to a nearby table and picking up a pad.

“Yes,” Chloe admitted.

Vigna looked at her pad while Chloe got mentally resettled. Going through the gate initially had been easy, but this business of being in one place one instant and in another the next instant with absolutely no warning was hard.

“You’re a client of the kennels, I take it?” Vigna asked.

“Yes,” said Chloe. “How did you know?”

“Oh, your pussy is bright red and so is your throat, your nipples are popped and you reek of sex,” said Vigna in calm tones, as if she were describing a dress. “It’s pretty rare for women to show up here looking like they got snapped back in mid-orgasm, but it happens with kennel clients all the time.”

“Yes, I suppose that’s true,” said Chloe, embarrassed.

Vigna caught Chloe’s response.

“Oh, please don’t feel embarrassed,” said Vigna. “We’re all slavegirls here. I been there, honey. I know how good it feels.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Chloe said. “But I bet you don’t have a clue about what it’s like to be embarrassed about being naked in public, do you?”

“Not really,” said Vigna. “No nudity taboo on Collar World.”

Chloe nodded.

“Why don’t you sit there for a moment and collect yourself?” Vigna said. “Snapbacks can be disorienting.”

Chloe nodded. It was true. Besides, she had had a thought. A powerful, overwhelming thought. She was on Earth. If she could run out that door, she could find food and eat it. Any food. Cakes. Pastries. Meat pies. Rice, corn and pasta prepared with all sorts of deliciously decadent sauces. Ice cream! Raw sugar! Booze!

She sat there in the chair, trying to look as if she were resting, while visions of food and drink ran unfettered through her mind. She’d had flashes of such thoughts at times in the kennels, but had suppressed them. It hadn’t been difficult. She was either sexually excited, recovering from orgasms and exercise, or eating or exhausted, most of the time.

But now she reveled in thoughts of yummy, delicious, unhealthy food, as much of it as she wanted. The law would be on her side here. This was Earth! Food was good and sex was bad here, as it should be!

Chloe waited until Vigna was distracted, slowly and carefully gathering her legs under her and subtly shifting her center of gravity upright. Her new core muscles helped a lot.

When Vigna picked up the tablet with one hand and ran a finger over its surface, Chloe gathered her legs under her and sprinted (or as close to a sprint as she could manage) in the general direction of what she hoped was the exit.

Vigna looked up and saw what Chloe was doing and rose from her chair. But she made no attempt to pursue Chloe. Instead she picked up an object from her desk that looked vaguely like a label sticker only made of metal, and with no roll of label tape in it, pointed it at Chloe as if it were a gun, and pulled the trigger.

Chloe suddenly felt her feet go out from under her as she lost control of her arms and legs. She collapsed on the soft, padded carpeting that surrounded the gate and the ball bath. It was good that the padding was in place, because with no control over her arms she wasn't able to shield her head as she fell. As it was, happenstance placed her right arm partially under her head as she fell anyway.

Vigna looked calm and relaxed as she picked up a pair of cuffs and secured Chloe's arms behind her back with them. Then she got what appeared to be a stretcher mounted on wheels. The stretcher's surface was a very thick pad. With surprising ease, given Chloe's size, Vigna pulled her up on the mattress. Chloe watched Vigna helplessly, unable to speak or move, though she could still breathe and blink and think. Autonomic nervous system at work, she supposed.

Chloe reached down and pulled up two handles at the corners of the comfy stretcher. The handles rose to Vigna's waist height and stopped with an audible "snick."

Then Vigna took the stretcher and shoved it carefully and slowly through the crosstime gate, and Chloe with it. When Chloe's head was through the gate, everything blanked out again, and suddenly she was lying on the stretcher at the bottom of the ball bath.

Only it was another ball bath. The ball bath at the Collar World diet kennels. Strong hands grabbed Chloe and pulled her out of the bath. Chloe was still feeling very disoriented and paralyzed, though she could feel tingling and pain making unwelcome returns to her sensorium.

The hands were attached to a couple of trainers whom Chloe didn't recognize, who gently but firmly picked Chloe and the comfy stretcher up and strapped her to it, then hooded her and wheeled her off somewhere.

When the hood was removed, Chloe found herself in a small room furnished only with a table and a couple of chairs. The trainers picked up her still-unresponsive body (Chloe could move now, but not much and very clumsily) and put her in one of the chairs and tied her wrists and ankles to it. Then they left.

Chloe sat there as her body slowly returned to her control. She didn't sit for long. In just a few

moments a Collar World slavegirl entered the room. (Collar World slavegirls dressed just like Earth clients in the kennels, there was just something about the way they wore their slave gear. Also, she was carrying one of the tablets almost all of them carried everywhere.

“Hi, I’m Imitra,” said the woman, smiling at Chloe. Chloe was very glad to see that smile. She was afraid the Collar World people might be mad at her for trying to escape. The trainers who’d gotten her out of the ball bath and taken her to the room hadn’t seemed at all mad. There had been a very humdrum “just another thing to be done” feel to the way they’d moved her and bound her. But Chloe had learned enough about Collar World to suspect that if they were going to do something she might find awful to her, they’d do it with just such a practical attitude. So Chloe was very glad to see that smile.

“Could you tell me your name, please?” Imitra asked.

“Chloe, Chloe Dahl,” Chloe said.

“Thank you,” said Imitra, pressing a few buttons on her tablet. “I understand you did a bit of a runner on us.”

“Yes,” said Chloe. She saw no point in lying, or prevaricating.

“Had you planned to make a break for it?” Imitra asked.

“No, not at all,” said Chloe. “I mean... no.”

“Ah,” said Imitra, nodding. “Suppose I tell you what you were thinking and you can tell me if I’m off track?”

“Sure,” said Chloe.

“First of all, you weren’t thinking in terms of planning,” said Imitra. “You were just sitting there and it suddenly occurred to you that you were on Earth and if you could escape, you could have food, all different kinds of food, and as much of it as you want.”

“Yes,” said Chloe.

“And you didn’t plan an escape out carefully, you just waited for an opportune moment and then ran for it.”

“Yes,” Chloe said. “How do you know all this?”

“Because it’s what almost all our Earth clients do on their first snapback,” said Imitra, “even the

ones that have been working out well in the kennels. Shall I continue?"

"Sure," said Chloe. The kennels people were being very understanding about her attempted escape. All too understanding, actually. They were reading her mind.

"OK, you've been applying yourself very conscientiously while you've been here in the kennels," said Imitra. "Your trainers all say that you've been cooperative and agreeable. Your conscious mind understood that there was no escape anyway, and you really do want to succeed in the weight loss goal you've signed up for."

"Good to know," Chloe agreed.

"But your subconscious mind still hungers for all the foods you used to eat," said Imitra. "It's fine with all the orgasms you're having now, but it wants all those cakes and candies and rich sauces and cookies and snack chips, it wants them just as much as it ever did. It's not much on planning, your subconscious, but when the snapback brought your back to Earth – and at some level, your subconscious knew that was going to happen, and was counting on it – it took the opportunity to take over and you made a break for it. It's as simple as that."

"So you knew I was going to try to escape," said Chloe.

"It would have surprised us if you hadn't," said Imitra.

"So why let me go through that charade back there in the Earth gate station?" Chloe asked.

"Because you, your conscious mind at least, didn't know that about yourself, and this was a chance to show you how addicted you are to food," said Imitra.

"I know I love food, I'm a fucking professional chef," said Chloe.

"You rationally know you love food, but you didn't understand the power of your subconscious mind's love of food," said Imitra. "And you still don't probably. You'll probably do a runner the next time there's a snapback."

"A hundred dollars says I don't," said Chloe. "I don't bet a lot, but I don't consider this much of a bet."

"Me, neither," said Imitra. "Unfortunately, our rules forbid us to take financial advantage of you while you are within our care. Otherwise, that's an

easy hundred for me. Some women run half a dozen times, surprising themselves every time. Now, here's the question, though. Do you, the conscious you, still want to go back to the kennels and continue with the program?"

"Of course," said Chloe. "I came here to lose weight. Does it make a difference?"

"Sure does," said Imitra.

"How? The contract provides that you'll keep me here until I lose the weight, like it or not."

"It'll be a lot easier for you psychologically if the rational you wants the program to succeed," said Imitra. "We've had a very few clients who spent the entire program doing the equivalent of kicking and screaming, sometimes with plenty of actual kicking and screaming, for their entire stay. It's harder on them than anyone else."

"I hear people screaming and shouting at night, sometimes," said Chloe. "I figured it was just someone having a nightmare."

"Might have been," said Imitra. "We put the ones who are always noisy in their own wing, as they interrupt the sleep of the rest. Even the quiet ones are noisy sometimes."

"That sounds like a fun wing," said Chloe.

"Yes, if you like constant screaming and shouting it's a laugh riot," said Imitra.

"I suppose they are the ones least likely to be successes," said Chloe.

"Surprisingly, no," said Imitra. "What typically happens is, they go through the whole program fighting it all the way, then they leave and they do some binge eating, all happy that they've gotten out and can eat whatever they like. Then they put on a few pounds, and then they realize that if they keep eating they'll gain all their weight back. And that's when they realize that if they gain the weight back, they'll come back to the kennels and go through the whole ordeal again. And that's when they stop eating."

"Ah," said Chloe. "They don't want to repeat the ordeal."

"That and they have active libidos," said Imitra. "More active than those who don't fight it constantly, actually. They scream loud when we strap them to the machines, and they scream even louder when they cum. Fortunately, our gags are effective."

"Yeah, I've noticed," Chloe said dryly.

"I suppose you would have," Imitra said, grinning. "I've noticed too. I love to scream my little heart out when I cum. My poor Master has to gag me very thoroughly. But he's good that way."

"So the libido thing works whether you hate the whole kennel thing or learn to live with it?" Chloe asked.

"Yes," said Imitra. "It's not a rational thing, remember? Your subconscious wants satisfaction, one way or another. By providing another source of satisfaction, we get you away from food. It doesn't matter if you approve of the manner in which we get your libido cranked, all that matters is that we get it cranked."

"Such cynicism," said Chloe.

"It's not cynicism," said Imitra. "It's just a fundamental understanding of the human mind and body, applied in ways your culture does not understand well or encourage."

"Ah, us primitive Earth people again," said Chloe.

"If that's the way you want to see it," said Imitra. "Anyway, I'll get you set up..."

Imitra's voice trailed off as she saw that tears were streaming down Chloe's face and her mouth was contorted into a frown as she sobbed soundlessly.

Imitra sat back and stopped talking, then got up and walked over and hugged Chloe. She hugged her until she stopped sobbing, pausing occasionally to wipe her eyes with a tissue.

"I'm all right, now," Chloe said finally, her voice still tight and choked, but not quavering.

"Good," said Imitra. She gave Chloe a squeeze and returned to her chair. Chloe was in control of her face again. This was good, but Imitra was only guardedly optimistic. Sometimes once they started crying they kept at it for a while, stopping intermittently only to start up again at random. It tended to vary from woman to woman. As did the reason for the tears.

"Sorry," said Cleo. "I guess all of this is getting to me. I used to be so in control of my life."

"And you still are," said Imitra. "You are completing the contract that you signed to lose weight. All of this is an expression of your will."

"Oh, come on, I'm naked and tied to a chair and I won't be getting untied until someone decides I should be," said Chloe. "That's not 'in

control' not by any definition of the term. And the reason I'm tied up like this is that I had no control of myself back at the gate. I know that. It's so damn frustrating!"

And Chloe started mindlessly pulling and twisting at her bonds and sobbing.

Imitra sighed inwardly and headed back to hug duty. Snapbacks often left clients emotional messes, being vivid reminders that there was an Earth out there and they were never more than roughly a week away from it. And that they were emotional, irrational animals at some level, even the calm, controlled ones like Chloe. Especially after the first snapback. It would be so much easier on the clients if the snapbacks didn't happen... but they did.

Imitra hugged Chloe and wiped her eyes while she cried but she didn't untie Chloe. Imitra knew that Chloe would really like to be untied at the moment, if only to wipe her own eyes. But this was a chance to really make Chloe feel her helplessness, to get the slavegirl in her really fired up. She wished she were a male trainer, or that Chloe was at least a little bisexual, but according to the tests, Chloe was not at all bisexual.

Best thing to do, Imitra thought, would be to take advantage of Chloe's mood. She pressed a button on her pad and typed in some text so Chloe wouldn't know what she was communicating.

"The real reason you are sitting here naked and tied hand and foot and won't be released until someone else pleases is that you do have a control problem – a control problem with food," said Imitra. "You know that. You are here because you agreed to give us control over your body in these kennels because you know you can't control yourself around food. The sooner you surrender to your bondage here, and to your own desire to control your appetite, the happier you will be. You know that, but your subconscious mind still does not. It fights you. But... we can help. Your subconscious mind is persuadable. And we will persuade it. We know how. We learned how to persuade our subconscious minds a long time ago."

"You're going to turn me into a slavegirl," Chloe said.

"No," said Imitra. "Your subconscious is going to turn you into a slavegirl. And you are going to love it."

As Imitra spoke, the door opened. No privacy for slavegirls, and Imitra was a slavegirl like Chloe.

A male trainer entered the room. Chloe recognized him: it was Wyando. She felt glad: she liked Wyando a little more than she liked the other trainers. He was fun to talk to.

Wyando had a lot of stuff in his hands and he placed it on the table.

"Hello, Master," Chloe said as she recognized her slave gear. "Back to my cage now, I suppose?"

"Slavegirls need not bother to ask where they are going," said Wyando as he put Chloe's collar back on her neck with practiced ease. "They are going there, like it or not."

"Yes, Master," said Chloe. She loved it when he talked like that, though she wasn't sure why she did.

"Open wide," Wyando said, and when Chloe obeyed he put a fully loaded chocolate goo dildo gag in her mouth. She gave it a welcoming suck, out of habit. She couldn't help it, she was just a slavegirl. Again.

"You like that cock, slut," said Imitra with a smirk in her voice. It stung just a little to hear herself called a slut in front of Wyando (though strangely, she enjoyed it when Wyando called her a slut). Her mind was weirder than she knew, and she had thought it was fairly weird.

Wyando put cuffs on her wrists and shackles on her ankles and attached a leash to her collar. Chloe found it strangely comforting to be wearing her bondage gear again. Strangely because when she'd first come to the kennels she'd found the shackles, cuffs and collar clunky and weird, and it took some getting used to. They weren't like regular jewelry, though they had a certain similarity to regular jewelry that was thought-provoking. Plus, she was almost always secured to the bondage devices in the exercise room with them, so she associated them with being bound.

But here she was, enjoying the feel of them on her body at some deep level.

Then Wyando pulled the hood over her head and cinched it shut at the base of her throat. She didn't like losing her ability to see, but she was used to it. It meant they were taking her somewhere.

But before Wyando took her anywhere, he untied her wrists from the chair and fastened her wrist shackles together behind her back, then untied her ankles from the chair.

“Rise,” Wyando said, putting a steadying hand on her shoulder.

“Yeff, maffa,” Chloe said, standing up, then moving as Wyando directed her to with his hands.

“Heel,” said Wyando and she began walking in the direction the leash was tugging her. She didn’t say goodbye to Imitra – if they’d wanted her to speak, they wouldn’t have gagged her.

Chapter 10

They slapped Chloe’s breasts to make them roll, playing with her breasts like children while Chloe looked at them, goggle-eyed.

After a time they entered a room where a lot of voices were taking calmly and there was a certain echo effect going on. No moans and cries. No reek of sex. (Chloe had noticed that her hearing and other senses got a little sharper when she was hooded for any length of time.)

Wyando said, “Halt, beast,” and Chloe stood still. She wondered where she was. It sure wasn’t the exercise room. But it didn’t matter. They would do with her as they saw fit.

Wyando took off her hood and Chloe saw that she was in a big atrium that was a lobby. That explained the voices. There were people in the room, walking, sitting, doing lobby sorts of things. Perhaps even lobbying, for all Chloe knew.

Chloe and Wyando were standing next to something that looked suspiciously like a bondage device. It was a padded square, like a cot but slightly larger than cots typically were. There were rings embedded in the sides of the cot and at its corners.

“Lie down on the platform face up, slave,” said Wyando.

“Yeff, maffa,” said Chloe. She climbed on the cot and laid down. Wyando fastened her wrists to the upper corners of the bed. Then he wrapped

many turns of rope around Chloe's right thigh, just above and below her knee, and fastened the rope to a ring in the side of the cot near its center, so that her legs were spread wide, her knees pulled a little above her waist by the rope. Then he tied her ankle shackles to the rings at the foot of the bed so her feet were held in place but not pulling on her knees (and hence, cutting off circulation). Next, Wyando tied ropes to the rings set in her collar on either side of her neck, running the ropes underneath her arms to rings set in the side of the cot, so that when he was through she could not raise her head from the surface of the cot without being choked by her collar. As long as she kept her head flat on the bed and only bent her neck, she was fine. Raising her head was not fine.

As Wyando did all this to Chloe, people ignored him. It wasn't the kind of studious ignorance you might get from people on Earth. No, Chloe got the impression that people were ignoring them because they didn't really care what they were up to.

Some few people did glance at them from time to time, but it wasn't furtive glancing. They were looking straight at her and Wyando, like they might watch anybody working on some humdrum task.

Wyando had Chloe tied down so she could barely twitch. (Well, she had a tiny bit of freedom of movement, but this bondage was much stricter than the norm in the exercise room: there, she had some wiggle room, mostly because they wanted her to wiggle. Here, she could barely move.) He reached under the cot and opened a drawer, then rummaged around and came up with some familiar vibrating eggs. One was soon attached right over her clit, the other two each went over a nipple. Chloe moaned softly as Wyando pressed the sticky adhesive patches against her flesh. She knew what those eggs could do to her.

But Wyando did not activate them just yet. He went over to the base of the cot, reached under, and pulled out a metal box and put it on the bed. Then he reached under the bed and slid out two long metal poles with dildos mounted on their ends. He pushed the poles into a slot on the metal box, turned some things, then pressed a button on the box that send the dildos moving back and forth, then pressed the button again and they stopped.

Chloe watched, helpless and gagged. Her pussy had started getting wet when he'd leashed her up back in the interview room.

Still, he lubed the dildos carefully with something he got from the drawer at the side of the cot before he lowered the poles to the bed, directly between Chloe's legs. Then he worked the dildos carefully into Chloe's pussy and ass, making sure they were at full extension as he did so. Then he tied the box to the bed very tightly and pressed a button, and the dildos began moving in and out of Chloe's pussy and ass.

Wyando picked up his pad and a moment later the egg vibrators over her nipples and her clit began their buzzy work.

"What's your safe sign?" Wyando asked.

Chloe flipped Wyando the bird.

"Very good," he said. "What's your safe word?"

"Na-na-na!" Chloe bleated through the gag. It always made her drool and talk like a blithering idiot. Which didn't matter back in the exercise room where everyone was drooling and blithering. But out here in the lobby with all the strangers waking by, it was embarrassing. Not that anyone seemed to care. Most of the women in the lobby were naked save for their bondage gear, which meant they were Collar World slavegirls. Which meant they had probably spent plenty of time naked, gagged and drooling themselves. But she had seen a couple of fully dressed women already, which reminded her that Earth women came to the kennels regularly for the same reason she had initially come here. What if one of them recognized her? She'd always have that memory of Chloe Dahl, the famous chef, splayed out naked on a bed, tied down like an animal, gagged and moaning and squirming while a dildo penetrated her. And Chloe was very overweight.

Oh, Chloe well knew what she must look like squirming on the cot in front of everyone, and it was horribly embarrassing. Not in a superficial, social sort of way. In a deep, disturbing sexual sort of way. And in a weirdly sexually liking it sort of way.

Oh, god, what kind of pervert was she becoming?

And that thought only turned her on even more. It was horrible. Any thought she had that shamed

her also turned her on. She felt like she was sinking into the muck beneath her own mind.

The thought made her squirm more in her bonds, or try to. There was not a lot of squirming she could do. The bonds Wyando had put her in were really, really tight.

And where was Wyando? He had asked her about her safe sign and her safeword, like he would be nearby listening, but he was nowhere she could see. Of course, being unable to raise her head there was a lot she couldn't see.

But there was also a lot she COULD see. All these people walking around freely, except for a couple of slavegirls on leashes following their owners, hands cuffed behind their back and moving with a certain swish to their butts that clearly showed they were really pleased to be walking about on their owners' leash. Chloe had read that slavegirls on Collar World loved being led about on leashes by their owners, it was sexy and personal and fun to them. Public togetherness, public acknowledgment of their bond. Chloe hadn't understood it, and she still didn't, really, but looking at the slavegirls strutting their butts and smiling behind their gags, Chloe knew it was true. They were having fun.

She wouldn't have been able to see that before her time in the kennels, the bondage and nudity would have obscured it.

Meanwhile the dildos and the eggs were having the same effect on Chloe that they normally had in the steamy depths of the exercise room. She was getting aroused, physically. And psychologically, too, those shots of sexual humiliation lust or whatever it was called had really cranked her up. Even as she squirmed helplessly in her bonds, she was deeply aware of what she must look like, and it made her even hornier.

Everything was making her even hornier, and it wasn't just the damn dildos and the damn vibrators, though they were definitely cranking her up, too. It was definitely the sexual humiliation thing. But it wasn't just that.

It was how tightly she was bound. She remembered how she had felt in the interview when she had told Initra how helpless she felt. It had had that same deep, disturbing sexual thing to it that the humiliation had. That liking it thing. She

had felt the way her wrists and ankles were tied to the chair and it had turned her on.

And thinking about it, on many occasions she had felt the same way in the exercise room. Feeling the bonds restraining her as she writhed in ecstasy, so contained, so held, so safe, and yet so helpless and vulnerable. The feeling seeped through her mind like water seeping through soil to thirsty roots.

And just like that, she was lost. She became just a squirming body on the cot, unmindful of anything but the pure raw passion that surged through her.

And the strange thing was, she wasn't unaware of what was going on around her. Her eyes were open. She saw the people going about their business in the lobby around her. She saw them looking at her, and not looking at her. And when they looked at her, it was as if their eyes were driving the dildo poles in and out of her, making her squirm all the more intensely, and all the more helplessly, given the way she was bound. She didn't think about any of it, she simply experienced it, passively.

Soon enough, Chloe started cumming right there in the middle of the lobby. It wasn't her fault. She couldn't help it. She was bound, helpless, gagged, unable to move.

Chloe was a squirming beast cumming in some lobby. She didn't know why she was there. She'd seen girls in porn videos like her, squirming in helpless abandon as some improbably muscled man fucked her vigorously. Sometimes they weren't even the center of attention, they were just in the background squirming away while some other, more important girl was in the foreground, often doing pretty much the same thing.

In the middle of the big lobby, Chloe felt like one of those background girls in a porn vid, squirming helplessly, being fucked just as hard and relentlessly by the dildo poles as the girl getting all the attention, but mostly ignored, just there to add a bit of writhing atmosphere.

Or at least, Chloe had that feeling. She couldn't put it into words.

And then as she lay there cumming and squirming, the most horrible thing happened. A couple entered the room. Two women, but one of them was wearing a T-shirt and shorts and

sneakers, and was holding a leash that was linked to the collar of the other woman, who was in traditional slavegirl attire, except that she had a long, furry buttplug tail hanging out of her ass. The Mistress woman led her slave over to the cot Chloe laid on.

They looked down on her like she was an item in a display window in a shop. Chloe, still cumming, gazed up at them, her eyes glazed by lust.

“Earth woman, Mistress?” asked the slavegirl.

“Yes, mine,” said the Mistress.

“Are they all like that?” asked the slavegirl.

That ended the orgasm, though her body still echoed with it.

“No, they come in all shapes and sizes, but they have a LOT more like her on Earth,” said the Mistress. “She’s probably one of the larger ones, but she’s not the largest. Spectacularly overweight for Collar World, though!”

“Ahm raht eer!” Chloe cried through the gag. No one back on Earth would ever be so rude! Well, no adults. Well, not most adults.

They ignored Chloe. She was a gagged slave. She was not in fact really there.

“Why do they get like that, Mistress?” the slavegirl asked.

“It’s a rough existence they have, mine,” said the Mistress. “No sex to speak of, they have to wear clothes all the time, they get raped if they act at all sexy or even friendly toward men, it’s crazy. Very stressful. They eat to relieve the stress and it makes things even worse.”

“They even wear clothes indoors?” said the slavegirl.

Yes, even indoors,” said the Mistress. “I read somewhere that they even wear clothes when swimming, and when they bathe.”

“When they bathe?” the slavegirl asked, a note of distinctly un-slavegirlish disbelief in her voice.

“I know, mine, it sounds weird, but that’s Incel World for you. They don’t really get clean I guess, and I think they have special bathing clothes that are much skimpier than the stuff they normally drape themselves in.”

“We oo nah!” Chloe cried. And was again ignored.

“Point is, mine, you have to make allowances for Earth people, they live in a really weird culture,” said the Mistress.

“I suppose so, Mistress,” said the slavegirl, reaching out and giving Chloe’s tit a light slap, then watching the flesh roll. “It’s still weird.”

“Fascinating,” said the Mistress, also watching the undulations the slap had set up in Chloe’s large breast. She slapped the other breast, also gently, but hard enough to make the flesh roll even more vigorously. The slavegirl slapped Chloe’s other breast again, giggling, and for a few moments they slapped Chloe’s breasts to make them roll, playing with her breasts like children while Chloe looked at them, goggle-eyed.

Being forced to writhe naked on a cot while dildos fucked you was hard enough on one’s dignity, but this was ridiculous!

After a few moments they tired of their game.

“I hope you are able to get rid of that extra weight, sister,” said the slavegirl as she left. “I’ve got my eyes crossed for you.”

Chloe watched them leave, utterly humiliated. Of course they both had perfect bodies, like almost everyone on Collar World. This was what the regular Collar World people thought of women like her. They were not like the ones in the kennel who worked with Earth women all the time. Regular Collar World women thought Earth women were just a bunch of overweight women draped in yards of cloth, raped constantly and stressed about it because it was the only sex they could get.

It was so humiliating. So wonderfully sexually humiliating.

But strangely, there was no sting to the humiliation. Because there wasn’t the usual contempt for her. They didn’t consider her weight a moral failure on her part, Chloe could tell from the tone of their voices and their manner. They thought she was a victim of her diseased culture, they didn’t blame her.

But they did think she was weird, a human artifact of that strange place called Incel World. And that was humiliating enough... humiliating enough to really get Chloe off.

Chloe started cumming again in no time, sinking into the muck at the bottom of her mind,

mindlessly writhing in her bonds, and loving it. Loving her bonds, her orgasms, her humiliation.

“Nice work, Mistress, girl,” said Master Wyando as the slavegirl and the Mistress walked over to him in the observation room in the administration offices of the kennels after visiting Chloe.

“Thank you,” said the Mistress.

“I hope we didn’t lay it on too thick,” said the slavegirl.

“No, you two nailed it,” said Wyando, grinning. “Just what she needed, rich creamy helpings of humiliation. I could almost see her getting off on it through the camera.”

“It was so funny when she said, ‘I’m right here!’ like we didn’t know!” exclaimed the slavegirl.

“We could go rub it in a little more on the way out,” the Mistress offered. “It was fun playing with her breasts like that.”

“No, this one’s really observant and perceptive,” said Wyando. “She’s always watching and noticing everything that goes on around her. It would be too easy to give yourselves away with some little word or tone or gesture, she’s that sensitive.”

“Weird that someone from such a rough culture would be so sensitive,” said the slavegirl.

“No, not at all,” said Wyando. “Remember, the women over there, while they’re not raped constantly, do have plenty of reason to fear being raped, most have had some kind of bad experience of rape or sexual harassment, so they’re naturally very sensitive to what’s going on around them just in self defense.”

“Yeah, I remember Moxie Maven said in one of her interviews that whenever a man entered a room on Earth she could hear all the Earth girl’s pussies and asses slamming shut like iron gates.”

“So you think she’ll have some kind of breakthrough now?” the slavegirl asked.

“Nah, not yet,” said Wyando. “She hasn’t been here nearly long enough yet. But we’ve definitely planted the seeds for later breakthroughs. Thanks for that.”

Chloe lay on the table, cumming and cumming, sunk deep in the mental muck beneath her mind, and utterly uninterested in getting unstuck. Her body strained against the bonds at times,

mindlessly, because it felt good to do so, to feel the restraints that kept her helpless. She felt comforted and protected by the bondage that kept her legs wide open, prey to the dildos that worked her pussy with machined efficiency.

It all felt so very, very good, a long soaring pleasure that kept her enthralled even between orgasms.

During orgasms, she was just a squirming animal, nothing more.

Some time later, Wyando came out to the lobby and released Chloe from her bonds.

Chloe lay absolutely limp on the table as he removed her bonds, which took a little while as they were so extensive.

Her eyes were distant and unseeing. She was still in the mental muck, where she belonged.

When Wyando ordered Chloe to her feet after fastening her hands together behind her back and leashing her up and hooding her, Chloe didn't even say "Yepp, maffa," through her gag. She just got up.

"Heel," Wyando ordered, and Chloe followed the tug on her leash.

Wyando led Chloe back to her cage. Chloe felt a rush of pleasure when the hood came off and she saw that she was back in her cage. She'd only been here for five days, but it felt like "her" place, her safe place. A completely illusion, of course, she was prey to the trainers whenever and however they wanted. But still, she felt safe there.

There was food and water in bowls on the floor, but Chloe was too out of it to bother. She laid on the couch on her side with her wrists still fastened behind her back. She was glad her wrists were still bound. She liked being restrained.

She gazed at the women in cages around her, not seeing them as anything but bits of color and sometimes movement. In no time at all, she was sound asleep.

It had been a very long and eventful day. She slept like a log, even with her hands bound.

Chapter 11

It tickled her to think of the mighty master put on diaper duty by his slavegirl.

When Master Gurnax came and woke her up, however, her arms informed her that they had not had such a good night, and wished to remain asleep for some time.

“You didn’t eat your food or drink your water?” Master Gurnax asked, looking at the untouched bowls as he freed Chloe’s wrists.

“No, Master,” said Chloe, moving her arms gingerly and slowly. Pins and needles everywhere. Her mind was back to normal now, bright and sharp as usual. Chloe was disposed to write yesterday off as a psychological reaction to all of the stress caused by the snapback and subsequent her escape attempt and the public humiliation. Master Wyando had definitely been up to something when he had put her on display like that in the lobby, but she felt back to normal now. Except not. It felt like something had shifted about deep in her mind, but she couldn’t put her finger on what it was.

Which was unsettling. Was this what it was like to be getting brainwashed to be a slavegirl... things going on inside her mind with her not knowing?

“Go ahead and eat now,” Gurnax ordered. “I’ll wait.”

“Yes, Master,” Chloe said. They were pretty strict about her eating all her stew, and normally Chloe was very obliging, but yesterday had been different.

Chloe gingerly got down on her hands and knees (her arms were still sore) and ate the stew. The top was kind of dried out but still edible (oh, she’d have thrown it out of any kitchen she had ever been in, but she wasn’t in charge here). Once she got past the dried out rind at the top things got a lot moister and tastier and she was able to get the rest of the stew down in no time. Hunger was in fact the best seasoning.

“How long until the slave gruel cycles through and you have to shit?” Gurnax asked.

“About an hour, usually,” said Chloe.

“I’ll be back in 90 minutes more or less, then,” said Gurnax.

“I will try to be ready by then,” said Chloe.

“See that you do,” said Gurnax. “As a Master who has been put on diaper duty by my slavegirl on many occasions, human wastes hold no terror for me, but also no interest.”

“Yes, Master,” Chloe said, smiling. It tickled her to think of the mighty master put on diaper duty by his slavegirl. Which was probably why he had mentioned it. And it had worked, Chloe was still smiling as Gurnax walked off. The whole master/slavegirl thing probably had to take a back seat when children were being reared, to some extent.

Sarah sat down with her phone and texted Fred to tell him she had had the snapback. She didn’t mention her escape attempt. She didn’t want Fred worrying about it, thinking she was deeply unhappy here. She also didn’t want Fred thinking she was too happy here. It was a fine line to tread. She told him about the exercise room of course, they’d known about that going on, but she’d made it clear it was all machines giving her orgasms. She didn’t mention Masters and Mistresses fucking the clients – she didn’t want Fred worrying about that, either. It was hard enough being separate from her. And despite all the orgasms, she missed Fred. She loved being around him, their times together were so good. And she knew he missed her. She wanted this to be as unstressful for him as possible. It was bad enough he wasn’t getting laid and his wife was in the hands of handsome guys with dildo machines, as it was.

When Gurnax returned Chloe was ready for him, and had also texted several of her business associates, friends and relatives. It was weird, like living her life on Earth at second hand. But it was great to be able to stay in touch, and she knew that her friends and family liked it, too. Her business associates, not so much, maybe, though they seemed happy enough.

Gurnax cuffed her hands behind her back and gagged her with a fresh cock goo gag, leashed her up, hooded her and led her to the exercise room.

When he unhooded her, Chloe stared at the other naked women squirming around her as

Gurnax put her on a new bondage device (they had so many!).

Well, it wasn't exactly a device, it was a ring hung from a chain attached to a motor on the ceiling. There was a dildo pole motor directly beneath the ring. There were ropes attached to the ring with thick, wide leather straps at their ends. One was much larger than the other. Gurnax attached the two shorter straps to Chloe's legs, at the top of the thigh near her crotch, though they were so wide that they went almost halfway to her knee. The third strap he wrapped around Chloe's torso, just beneath her breasts. It was wide enough that it went down near her bellybutton. There were three rings at the back of the strap that the ropes were tied to, they met just above Chloe's head, behind her back. (He slid the strap beneath her bound wrists.) Once the straps were in place, Gurnax pushed a button and the ring rose into the air, forcing Chloe to stand straight up. Then Gurnax tied another rope around her torso, this one running above her breasts. He tied the rope to the two ropes attached to her thigh straps, which ran in front of her torso, then tied her breast rope to the ropes attached to her torso strap, which ran behind her back.

And Chloe found that she was enjoying being tied up very much, in fact, she was grooving on it. That was new. She'd gotten used to being tied up, and she'd noticed she liked the feel of being bound sometimes when the machines were making her cum, but she'd never grooved while being tied up before.

Probably more progression in her road to becoming a sex addict rather than a food addict, she supposed. Anyway, it felt good, and she was taking all the feeling good she could get after yesterday.

Gurnax picked up her foot and tied a rope to the ring in her ankle shackle while she balanced on one foot (it was easy with the straps supporting her). Then he tied that rope to a ring set in a post about two meters from Chloe, so that her leg was stretched out to one side of her. With that leg secured, he grabbed Chloe's other leg and suddenly she was hanging in the air, suspended by the ropes. It was quite comfortable, actually. The thick straps distributed her weight evenly across her legs and torso, and the ropes in front of her and

behind her kept her from pitching forward or backward, especially with the rope around her upper torso restraining her.

It was comfortable. It felt good to be tied up with that, with her legs wide open. The only problem was...

“Comfy?” Gurnax asked.

“Oo oos, maffah,” Chloe said. She was surprised to hear herself saying the words.

“Too loose?” Gurnax said with a raised brow.

Chloe thrashed her legs about. Her legs were stretched wide, but not in a full spreadeagle. She had plenty of wiggle room, as usual. And apparently, some part of her didn’t like that.

She felt almost like she was watching someone else control her body.

“Getting into the bondage, are we?” Gurnax asked. “Good for you, you’ll enjoy things a lot more. But we have to keep things kind of loose for you, so you’ll burn more calories and get those legs nice and strong. This one’s also really good for your core muscles.”

Chloe stared at him, bewildered. He was apologizing to her for not tying her up tightly enough to suit her.

Well, she HAD complained about it. And that was what really bewildered her. What was going on with her?

Then Gurnax pushed some buttons and the dildo poles rose from the box and headed in the general direction of her pussy and ass. Gurnax lubed them up and guided them in. Then he pasted a vibrating egg over Chloe’s clit and did the same with Chloe’s nipples.

“Enjoy your workout, girl,” he ordered as he pressed the button that made the dildos begin to slide in and out of Chloe’s nether region.

“Yeff, maffa,” Chloe said. She was already getting galloping jim-jams of pleasure flowing through her body from the vibrating eggs and the dildos. In a very short time she was just a squirming animal suspended in the air, her legs working mindlessly against the ropes, as intended. But for Chloe it wasn’t about the exercise, it was about the sheer physical pleasure of being bound and machine-fucked. And the pleasure losing herself in all the pleasure.

Chapter 12

***She found it wise to be diplomatic
when naked, bound, hooded and
leashed.***

Things started to change physically for Chloe as well as mentally after her second snapback. (No escape attempts by Chloe on that one, Chloe would have won that bet with Imitra if she'd made it.)

Chloe wasn't so worn out when she got back from the exercise room. She could actually spend time awake after eating, generally just an hour or so, but it was something. She mostly used the time for texting and talking with Fred and her friends and associates.

Chloe had been afraid that things would kind of fall apart back on Earth without her there to answer every question and deal with every problem. But it didn't happen. Other people stepped in and handled things, often quite well. Chloe had often expressed pride in the team she had built, but she'd never really believed they were capable of filling in for her.

But they were, obviously. Chloe found it a little disheartening that she was so unnecessary, but on the other hand, Chloe was still getting the bulk of the money from what they did. The Collar Worlders might not care for capitalism, but it had its points, especially if you were rich.

Three weeks in, something new was started. After a day in the exercise room Chloe's trainer Gurnax led Chloe to a new place, a place that smelled strange. Earthy and chemistry-labish. When Gurnax pulled her hood off, she found herself standing in a vaguely familiar room.

"Ah ose uh affs, Maffa?" Chloe asked.

"Not exactly, girl," said Gurnax. He pulled the gag out of Chloe's mouth. Trainers could understand women talking with a gag in their mouth uncannily well. "They are baths, but not the mud paths you are used to on Earth. These contain various creams, lotions, emoluments, chemicals and whatnot that are designed to condition your skin."

"Ah, mud baths," said Chloe, grinning.

Gurnax grinned back at her.

“Touche,” he said. “I don’t really know the chemistry of it, but you’re starting to lose weight now, and your skin is going to get baggy if we don’t help it shrink into place. This will help restore elasticity and I’m not sure what else to make it better.”

“So all I have to do is lie in the mud bath and let the chemicals have their way with me?” Chloe asked.

“Exactly,” said Gurnax. “We’ll haul you out when you’re good and done and take you to the showers.”

“Works for me!” Chloe said. She stepped into bath they were standing next to. It was quite shallow, about calf deep on her, and soon she was lying stretched out full length in the bath with her head resting on an inclined stone headrest at one end of the bath. Her toes thrust out of the mud at the far end and her breasts and belly were three small islands in the muck.

“On Earth we normally put slices of cucumber over our eyes now,” Chloe said hopefully.

“Ah, another primitive Earth custom,” said Gurnax. “Would it help if I also waved some chicken bones adorned with feathers and chanted while you rest?”

“Absolutely!” Chloe said.

“Not gonna happen, girl,” said Gurnax with a snicker. Like most of the trainers, he loved to kid around. That whole relaxed culture thing again.

Now that she was more mentally active in the evenings, Chloe would occasionally pull up the hologram of herself once she’d gotten all the weight off and just look at it. It had seemed impossible, otherworldly, when she’d first seen it. But the more she looked at it, the more real it became. Chloe was noticing a lot of strength and flexibility returning to her body as the exercise program continued. Her young body was benefiting from it more than she had anticipated. It was strange, she had known going into the de-aging process that her weight would remain on. It would be easier to get it off, the doctors assured her, in a purely physiological sense. She would have more energy and her bones and tendons would be stronger and healthier. Her arthritis would reverse.

But the habits and thought processes that were locked into her mind over decades that had let her

become so overweight would still be in place. Chloe would remain who she was, for good or for ill. And in the case of weight loss, that was for ill.

That was what was so appealing about the Collar World weight loss program. Her mental habits didn't matter. The trainers made all the decisions for her. She couldn't rebel against their decisions, either, they wouldn't let her. She had often fantasized in the middle of her frenetic life as a cook and business tycoon about how nice it would be if others made all her decisions for her, if she only had to just do as she was told. Well, here she was.

And then there was the sex thing. Two weeks in, she woke up in the morning and she wanted those dildos inside her. She wanted to be splayed out stark naked. She wanted to be tied up, chained up, made to writhe and squirm and moan like an animal and she didn't care who saw.

(At least, she didn't care who in the kennels saw her. One time about ten days in a fully dressed Earth woman (Chloe could just tell from looking at her – she had clothes on) came in for the tour, the same one Chloe had been given when she'd visited prior to signing up, and Chloe had not been able to look at the woman. At the time Chloe was tied kneeling on a padded bench, her legs spread wide, while a machine sent vibrators into her ass and pussy and she moaned and her fingers were spread wide with passion. As soon as she'd seen the woman, Chloe had to look away. It was weird.)

Also at about the two week mark, the trainers began ramping up her workouts noticeably. The biggest change was that they stopped using chains and ropes to bind her in some cases. Instead they used rubbery bands like the ones used for resistance training in Earth gyms. They didn't pull her legs and arms wide apart or very hard, they were quite loose. If she let them they would pull her arms and legs into a full spreadeagle, but with minimal effort she could pull her arms and legs inward a few inches. With moderate effort she could even close her legs and bring her hands together.

It wasn't the tautness of the bands that made them effective, though, as Chloe discovered the first time they were used on her. The trainer, Master Wyando, laid her on an almost flat table that had a hard/soft surface, kind of like an Earth

pool table. Then he secured Chloe's arms and legs to the corners of the table using the bands. They were yellow bands, the loosest, Chloe would soon discover. When they were on her she laid there, her legs wide apart, her arms apart. Then Master Wyando, the trainer of the morning, reached under the table and pulled up a familiar square shape with a familiar pair of dildos sprouting out of the side that faced Chloe.

Chloe had gotten to the point that her pussy started getting wet at the sight of a dildo. It was a conditioned reflex, Chloe supposed. Wyando guided the dildos into her pussy with the usual friendly skill of Collar World trainers.

"These aren't my usual secure bonds, Master," said Chloe.

"Awww, girl, need to be tied up tighter, do we?" Wyando asked with an evil grin.

"No, Master, not that!" Chloe cried in a very fake voice. "It's just, these are so... loose."

"You'll get used to it," said Wyando confidently. "In fact, when I come back, I expect you to tell me why we use the bands."

"Yes, Master," Chloe said.

"Good, let's get that gag on you so you can think," said Wyando.

"I can think without a gag in my mouth, Master," said Chloe.

"You only think you can think without a gag in your mouth, girl," said Wyando. "When you talk you are not thinking, you only have thought and you are reporting out what you already thought."

"Yeff, maffa," Chloe said, gagged.

A moment later Wyando turned on the dildo machine and the egg vibes that were now pasted to her nipples and clit for all of her time in the exercise room unless they were being stimulated by other means. Chloe rapidly slid into the hot, steamy place that was her psychological norm in the exercise room. She was soon squirming mindlessly in her bonds. And the bands let her squirm as much as she wanted to. She could have probably squirmed her way right off the dildos if she'd tried, but she had no intention of doing that. The dildos were wonderful. As were the vibrating eggs. It was all wonderful, even the bondage.

Oh, she was getting to like being tied up. Another conditioned reflex.

And when the dildos slowed and the eggs stopped vibing as Chloe approached orgasm, her arms and legs slowly opened wide, pulled apart by the bands. Her body was like a flower opening at such times. The bands weren't all that taut, but they never stopped pulling. Even when her arms and legs were spread to her widest, she could feel gentle tugging on all her limbs. It took only the slightest effort to resist them, to pull her arms and legs inward, and so in her casual motions she was constantly pulling and tugging on her bonds.

After a long time (her increased fitness was making the edging last longer and also making it more intense, which Chloe loved) of working Chloe's poor, tormented pussy, ass and breasts over, the machine finally allowed her to cum in a series of violent orgasms that left her completely limp in her bonds, panting through the gag and sweating. Even then her limbs were moving against the elastic restraints without any intent on her part.

"So, Chloe, got the elastic bands figured out yet?" Master Wyando asked.

"Yeff, maffa," said Chloe.

Wyando removed her gag.

"What's the story then?" Wyando asked.

"The elastic bands mean you never stop moving," said Chloe. "Even when I was lying there limp in my bonds after cumming, I was moving slightly. It makes the edging a constant experience. Plus, their lack of tautness allows me to wiggle more when I'm being edged, so I do."

"Got it in one," said Wyando. "They're subtle, they're not exhausting, but we do find that clients get more exercise, and more stretching, when they are secured with bands."

"Then why didn't you use the rubber bands from day one?" Chloe asked.

"Because you needed to rest a lot more early on," said Wyando. "When you came in, you were so easily exhausted, you had next to no endurance and very little strength. If we push things too hard early on, you can be injured, and that's the opposite of our intent. But now that you've been at it a couple of weeks, you've grown stronger and developed more endurance, and we can push harder, and further, and you can enjoy it more."

"It's almost too enjoyable as it is," said Chloe. "I lose myself sometimes."

"I hear that so much from women," said Wyando as he freed Chloe from her bonds.

"Anyway, you think you are enjoying things now, but you'll find your enjoyment will deepen over your time here, and hopefully, when you get back to Earth as well."

"Oh, I think fun will be had when I get back to Earth," Chloe said. "My husband Fred will see to that."

"Good man," said Wyando as he pulled a hood over Chloe's head. "It's just, Earth is so weird to us."

Chloe's eyes popped wide open inside the hood. It was still jet black, so she shut them again.

"Earth is weird," she mumbled, her voice further muffled by the hood, "to you."

"Yeah, I know, you Incel Worlders think we're weird," said Wyando as he linked Chloe's hands behind her back and leashed her up. "And we are. But we're not as weird as you, not by a long shot."

"Well I suppose we both have grounds for regarding each other's worlds as different, because they are," Chloe said diplomatically. She found it wise to be diplomatic when naked, bound, hooded and leashed.

"Yeah, I guess the thing that makes it weird is that we're similar in so many ways as well," said Wyando as he led Chloe to her next post. "We don't see you as utterly alien or anything, you're like us. Most of you who come to Collar World are quite likable when you get past the sex stuff. Well, a lot of you are insufferable, we know that from your media and from the stories told by those of us who've been to Incel World, but most of the insufferable ones don't tend to come to Incel World."

"Well to be fair the most insufferable ones occupy positions of power on my world," Chloe said.

"Yeah, we used to have a lot of that before the Collar Climax thing started happening," said Wyando as he freed Chloe's wrists then secured them to rings set in either end of a crossbar atop a wooden pillory. The crossbar was attached to a wooden post that sprang from a heavy half-meter square post that formed the pillory's base. The crossbar was just a couple of inches above Chloe's head, and the rings left her wrists secured above her head.

“Could I have a Collar Climax?” Chloe asked. She’d learned to use the chaining-up times as a chance to talk with the trainers. They were such an interesting lot.

“It’s possible,” said Wyando as he attached Chloe’s ankle shackles to a spreader bar that kept her ankles spread about a third of a meter wider than her shoulders on either side. “You’d be the first Incel World woman to have a Collar Climax if you did. We don’t know how the first Collar Climax happened, it might have been a one-in-a-billion thing, or something inevitable once enough women have experienced subspace. And many Earth slavegirls have experienced subspace. So it could happen.”

“I haven’t even experienced subspace,” Chloe said.

“You almost certainly will eventually, if you keep it up with the sex, and you will,” said Wyando as he got a long piece of rope and wound it around Chloe’s waist and upper thighs, then picked Chloe up in one powerful arm and placed her butt on the top surface of pillory’s base. That surface was slanted at a 45 degree angle from the horizontal. The back post was at the higher end of the top surface, and Wyando positioned her on the surface as well as he could. But slanted as it was, Chloe’s butt didn’t tend to stay on it. And it was not only slanted, it was very smooth, slippery with all the polishing that the various women who’d been mounted on it tended to do with their butts as they squirmed.

Wyando tied her waist to the back of the post so she didn’t slip off it to the floor, but he tied her so loosely that her butt was almost all the way off the pillory before the ropes stopped her. And she couldn’t use her feet to brace herself because of the stupid spreader bar that held them wide apart, and because, perched up on top of the pillory base, her feet didn’t quite reach the floor.

“This is kind of fiendish, Master,” Chloe observed.

“Thank you, girl,” Master Wyando said with a smile as he tied the head of a battery-powered dildo wand to the ropes encircling her thighs and waist, after he had thrust the dildo deep into her pussy, leaving the wand’s head jammed against her clit. “They’ve been developed, tried and tested for centuries on Collar World slavegirls with what you

call eating disorders on Earth. That's how we know they will work for most Earth women."

"You are saying that Earth women are the same as Collar World women?" Chloe asked.

"Say aah," Wyando responded, and Chloe opened her mouth wide so Wyando could put her cock gag in her mouth. He tightened the strap and smiled.

"Incel World women and Collar World women are both very much the same when you tie them up and put a gag on their mouths," said Wyando with a grin. "Even more so when this starts happening..."

And he pushed a button on his tablet and the wand head started vibrating against her pussy and clit, making the dildo inside her vibrate. At the same time, the egg vibes over her nipples started up, but the one over her clit didn't, probably because the wand head was doing the vibrating now.

"Yeff, maffa," Chloe said through the gag as the waves of pleasure began surging through her mind. They surges of pleasure almost seemed to have started up where they'd left off earlier, as if her body had bookmarked her last orgasm.

Master Wyando watched Chloe squirm on the post or minute or two, then nodded and walked off, satisfied that Chloe was well on her way.

Chloe found the pillory much more vigorous exercise than her previous post, which had seemed plenty vigorous enough to her. But the tilted, polished surface of the pillory base was impossible to remain still on, even without the vibrators driving her crazy. Chloe found that she could scoot back up on the base by bracing the spreader bar against the base with her ankles and shoving upward while pulling her body up with her arms. It took her a little while to slide down the seat that way, her butt slowly losing ground to gravity and the slickness of the wood. Even worse, after a while her pussy's love juices were spread on the seat, making it even slipperier, and it had started out plenty slippery. Eventually, she always wound up stretched out with her butt almost entirely off the base, her pussy thrust forward obscenely with the dildo wand hanging out of it, also obscenely. And eventually the corner of the base would start digging into her ass and she would pull herself back upright with great effort (there was plenty of

her to pull) and then start the long ooze down the ever-more-slippery surface of the tilted base again.

Eventually – it seemed like forever, but it was probably a relatively short time – the vibrators made Chloe cum, moaning and stretched out obscenely and entirely unconcerned at what an obscene spectacle she presented, and it was fairly obscene. If there was such a thing as an obscene-o-meter it would have maxed out. Chloe came and came again, and that was also obscene, and absolutely wonderfully so.

Chapter 13

***The cyclists in the hologram,
unaware of her ecstasy, continued
with their rolling beachside fucking
as Chloe writhed and squirmed on
the bike.***

Instead of giving Chloe a cool-down period lying on the pillory base, Wyando came by very shortly afterward and released her from her bonds.

“I bet you’re ready for some break time, girl,” Wyando said.

“Yeff, maffa,” Chloe said sincerely.

“Then break time it is,” Wyando announced. But he still hooded and leashed Chloe and fastened her wrists behind her back, even though Chloe knew exactly where she was going and was very OK with going there.

And the hell of it was, Chloe was starting to like being paraded around naked, hooded and on a leash. Clearly there was something going on with her, but Chloe wasn’t sure what it was, as happened a lot lately. Was it just her discovering new sex things she liked as she encountered new experiences in the kennels? Or was something more nefarious going on? Something in the food? Or was all the sex conditioning her to be a total sex slut in ways she had not anticipated?

It also felt like being young again, psychologically, finding new aspects of herself and being surprised by them. But she’d never felt like this before coming to the diet kennels.

That's where it got confusing. Chloe had known going in that the kennels were going to do all they could to make her crave sex the way she had craved food. But Chloe had not actually believed they were actually going to make her crave sex the way she had craved food. It sounded like advertising/marketing buzz to her.

But Chloe, in view of the changes she was undergoing and the feelings she was experiencing was thinking that it was a simple statement of fact: they were going to change her mind as thoroughly as they were going to change her body.

And she had kind of ignored the really obvious implication of what they had told her all along: that she was going to be a LOT hornier than she used to be, that she'd crave sex in ways she never had before. It was true.

And it was understandable that she hadn't believed it. On Earth she had learned that anything corporations told you about their products and services were half-truths at best and were most often outright lies. And she had subconsciously extended that belief to the Collar World diet kennel.

Oops.

"You should have known better," some part of her mind said. "You knew Collar World was different." But Chloe knew this was just guilt-triggered neurotic bullshit. A lifetime of conditioning had taught her to disbelieve corporate claims as lies. That was a lot to overcome.

"How would I know if I went into subspace?" Chloe asked Wyando as she leaned against him while he fed her grapes, cheese, and crunchy, salty low-carb (but not zero-carb) snacks that Collar Worlders called "Slave Biscuits." They were delicious, but that was probably because she was very hungry. But her chef's mind had analyzed the biscuits very thoroughly and she was sure she could create a close approximation on Earth. A new marketing opportunity for her. Couldn't call them slave biscuits, of course, but still, they could be popular.

"You'll know when you go into subspace," said Wyando, lounging relaxed against her and eating the occasional snack himself. "I mean, you won't recognize it for what it is yourself. But you'll know something out of the ordinary happened to you. And you'll tell your trainer about

it. And he'll tell you that you were in subspace. That's the way it always works."

"It happens a lot, then?" said Chloe.

"To almost every Earth woman who comes through," said Wyando. "Subspace isn't like a collar climax. It's the normal thing to happen to slavegirls during a session. Collar World slavegirls go there almost every time. Like, they'd be surprised if they didn't."

"Oh, I look forward to it," said Chloe. "What about collar frenzy? Does that happen often?"

"Rarely, thank God, and in the case of Earth women who come through these kennels, it generally doesn't happen until they get to Earth," said Wyando. "I mean, that's why we insist you wear our collar when you go back through the gateway for the last time. We know it will disappear, but you have a week or so to put on a fresh one."

"Are people in a collar frenzy as nutty as they say?" Chloe asked.

"I dunno," said Wyando. "How nutty do they say women in a collar frenzy are back on Incel World?"

"They say they will do anything to get a collar back on," said Chloe. "Murder, blackmail, robbery, kidnapping, you name it."

"How often are these techniques supposed to result in a collar?" asked Wyando.

"I dunno," said Chloe. "I'm not even sure collar frenzy women do those things. They're just willing to stop at nothing to get a collar around their necks again, is what I heard."

"OK, there have been women who've done crazy things in the heat of collar frenzy," said Wyando. "Murder, kidnapping. But those have been rare and are definitely outliers. It's more like stalking, mostly, or very aggressively looking to be Mastered. Sort of like a free use girl only literally chasing Masters who don't have a girl on a leash... and sometimes chasing Masters who do have a girl on a leash. That's extreme, too, but it's normal extreme. Most slavegirls go to the Temple of the Collar and get a free use collar and go out and get Mastered. The ones who do the really frenzied stuff generally have mental health issues as well."

"Ah," said Chloe. "That makes all sorts of sense. And we have collar frenzies among Earth submissives, I understand. And broken-hearted

normal women do all sorts of strange horrible stuff when their relationships go south.”

“Yes, we understand that normal Incel World women do all sorts of strange, horrible stuff,” said Wyando. “Outmatched only by normal Incel World men.”

“Touche,” said Chloe, grinning.

“So in answer to your unanswered questions, yes, you are likely experience subspace, no you are not likely to have a collar climax event though it’s not impossible, and no you are not likely to have an episode of collar frenzy, though once again it’s possible if things go really badly for you,” said Wyando.

“I wish you would stop reading my mind,” said Chloe.

“Well when you’re one of us totally dominant Collar World men, you just can’t help it,” said Wyando. “How else are we to transform you from a normal Incel World woman into a totally submissive Collar World slavegirl?”

“I thought that was what all the nudity and the constantly being tied to various kinds of fucking machines and getting fucked senseless was all about,” Chloe said.

“Oh, that’s just to distract you while the Z-rays, which I’m totally not allowed to tell you about, take over your brain,” said Wyando.

“Mm-hm,” Chloe said. “Z-rays. Yes, Master, I totally believe you.”

“See, they’re working already,” said Wyando.

A week after that, Chloe was put on a device she had never been tied to: the dildocycle. That was what Chloe called it in her mind, because that was exactly what it was. It was a stationary bike with a pair of dildos poking up through the seat. Master Brever, her trainer that morning, had her mount the bike after lubricating the dildos carefully. Her wrists were freed to make it easy and safe for her, and Brever guided the dildos into her pussy and anus and when she was properly seated, put a waist strap around her waist, then attached straps at the back and front of the generously sized and padded bicycle seat to rings set in the front and back of the belt so that she could not rise off the seat.

Next, he attached her wrist cuffs to snaplinks set in the handlebars though he did not attach her ankles cuffs to the bike’s foot pedals.

The pedals weren't the simple bars that most bikes had, they were shaped like the sole of a shoe, hard plastic on the bottom but lined with soft fabric on the top, so that Chloe's feet rested very comfortably on them. There were loose straps atop the pedals that Chloe could easily slip her feet in and out of.

"Give the pedals a spin, but go very slowly and easily," Brever ordered.

"Yes, Master," Chloe replied. (Brever had removed the gag so Chloe could breathe easier on this machine.)

Chloe pedaled very slowly, and felt the dildos surging back and forth inside her.

"Comfy?" Brever asked.

"Yes, Master, at this speed," said Chloe.

"Ok, good," said Brever, "keep it up."

Brever punched a button and a bright red LED number appeared, seemingly floating in air above the handlebars – a hologram. (Collar World tech was way ahead of Earth tech with holograms.) The number was 75.

"OK, your heart rate is picking up a little already," said Brever. "We want you to get it up between 130 and 140 and keep it there while you're on the bike."

He pressed another button and Chloe moaned softly as the egg vibes on her clit and nipples began vibrating.

"That should help encourage you," said Brever with a grin.

"Yes, Master," Chloe agreed. The dildos and the vibes would definitely get her going. They always did.

"Now, if you let your heart rate drop too much, or if it gets too high, after a time the bike will take over, slowing or stopping you or speeding you up, as needed," said Brever. "But it won't happen instantly unless your heart rate goes way high all of a sudden or goes way low all of a sudden. It will give you some time to adjust."

"It knows how flawed we poor human women are," said Chloe.

"It knows what your target heart rate range is," said Brever. "And it knows what your pulse is. That's all it knows, and all it needs to know."

"How does it know my pulse?" Chloe asked.

"Your collar monitors it and sends it out via bluetooth," said Brever.

“I’m surprised the collars don’t catch on fire with all the stuff they have packed in them,” Chloe said.

“Oh, collars can’t do that any more,” said Brever. “We got what you call graphene based batteries, they don’t run hot at all like the lithium batteries you use.”

“Oh, right,” said Chloe. “And ... used to?”

“Yeah, I’m not sure I’m supposed to tell you about that,” said Brever. “Forget I said it.”

“Sure, Master,” said Chloe, “I’ll forget whatever it was. Anyway, Master, I’m controlling the speed of the pedals, can I make myself cum whenever I like?”

“Sure, girl,” said Brever. “Just know that when you do, the bike will keep the dildos going until you have been at your target rate for at least half an hour. Probably more. So the bike will keep you going for all that time.”

“Ah, I see, Master,” said Chloe. “So I actually have very little control here.”

“Of course, silly slavegirl,” Brever said, giving Chloe’s hair a friendly tousle. “Control is for Masters and Mistresses. Also, we do have some entertainment lined up for you.”

Brever pressed another button, and a holographic image sprang up atop the dildocycle. It was a scene of a man and woman bicycling on a beautiful beachside bike path. They rode a bicycle built for two, a master and slave. The Master sat on a standard bike seat. The slave perched on the Master’s lap. She had a second set of pedals that were slaved to the pedals the Master pushed. At least, they pedaled in exact synchronization. And slaving things together seemed natural here on Collar World.

The only difference between them was that with every stroke, the slavegirl’s butt raised about a sixth of a meter off the Master’s lap, briefly exposing his cock as she rose.

It wasn’t a bicycle built for two, it was a bicycle built for fucking.

The slavegirl wasn’t secured to the bike in any way, though. Probably to prevent injury in a crash, since they COULD crash. Not that they were traveling fast, they were gliding along at an easy pace. The sun was high, the sea sparkled, and in the background people strolled, swam and surfed

in the water. Seabirds called, the cyclists fucked, and it was beautiful.

And of course Chloe found herself pedaling right along with them. She felt the dildos surging in and out of her as she pedaled, and she saw the master cyclist's cock thrusting in and out of the slavegirl's butt and it was the most natural thing in the world to synch with what she was watching. Her heart rate increased steadily, the number in the midair display rising.

Chloe knew at some level that she was still in the exercise room, she could hear the gag-muffled sounds of the other women moaning and crying out as their orgasms built and overtook them. But the scene before her was so pleasant, especially the smooth lines of the Master's body as he pushed the bike along easily with his sculpted body. Oh, the Master was so easy to watch with the dildos sliding in and out of her pussy and ass and the vibes working her ass and clit.

In no time at all, it seemed, she was at the bottom of her target heart rate. Soon she was a little past it, but still in range. She felt the surges of pleasure powering through her mind as her body responded to what she felt, and what she saw. It was all good, so very pleasant. In Chloe's mind, she was the slavegirl, and Fred was the Master, and they were on Earth, and cycling freely along a nude beach, in complete comfort and safety. It felt so good. So very good.

The good sights and feelings kept Chloe moving along happily toward orgasm for quite a while. She was vaguely surprised it was taking her so long to cum – she was the one in charge, after all.

Chloe deliberately increased the rate she was pedaling at, going right up to the top of her targeted heart range, exceeding it briefly and then keeping it right up there near the top.

This cranked the dildos right up, and they soon had her moaning when she wasn't panting from exertion. But still she didn't cum right away, it seemed to take forever, working at top speed before she felt her mind explode with joy and passion. The cyclists in the hologram, unaware of her ecstasy, continued with their rolling beachside fucking as Chloe writhed and squirmed on the bike, helpless in the straps that held her hands and waist in place, unable to stop the dildos that surged

in and out of her pussy and ass, or the vibrations that unrelentingly send surges of pleasure through her mind. She moaned and cried out full-throatedly, forgetting that she wasn't gagged. (Chloe had gotten very noisy during orgasm while gagged, which was most of the time in Collar World. So did most of the other women in the exercise room.) Nobody in the room noticed, or cared. She was just another female animal squirming and screaming in this pleasure pit, absolutely nothing to pay the least bit of attention to.

After the orgasm surged through Chloe, she slowed her pace cycling, then stopped. Or tried to. A moment after she stopped, the pedals started turning of their own accord, and the dildos began thrusting inside her. (The vibes had never let up.)

Soon Chloe was back in the throes of another orgasm. She squirmed and screamed and her legs pumped up and down and the dildos pumped up and down, and the beautiful Master and the slavegirl fucked in front of her and she seemed to be rolling down a beach herself. This time the orgasm didn't really stop when she climaxed, it just dropped to a lower level of pressure, as she kept pedaling, kept feeling those dildos pumping, moaning with pleasure, her pussy making a sloppy mess of the bike seat she was strapped to.

Eventually, the bike stopped letting her pedal it. The dildos stopped, the vibes stopped, and Chloe was left sweating and panting atop the bicycle, her eyes blank with lust as the hologrammatic cyclists continued to glide along a beach that Chloe would love to be at.

Brever appeared a moment later.

"How you feeling, slut?" he asked.

"Tired," Chloe said. It was true. She had really worked those pedals hard while she was cumming, without being aware of it.

"I'll bet," said Brever. "You hit that target rate fast and stayed at it."

"I just kept cumming and cumming, Master," Chloe said.

"I just bet you did," said Brever with a grin as he pushed a button that lowered the dildos until their tips were level with the seat top, then helped Chloe off the bike.

"We'll get you something less strenuous next, a little cool-down," said Brever.

“Yes, Master,” said Chloe as she let Brever cuff her, hood her and leash her. She would never have given herself credit for having such an appetite for sex. But she did. She knew that the holographic image of the cycling Master’s butt and legs and torso and cock would fill her mind on whatever machine she was placed next.

Chapter 14

“Everybody that leaves these kennels is just a slobbering hose beast, dying for her next cock.”

Five snapbacks after she’d been in the kennels, changes were happening. Chloe was visibly losing weight. Her phone’s hologram app had a mirror subroutine. (All phones did, it was incredibly handy. Any size she wanted, and enlarging if she wanted. Purse mirrors were now obsolete.) She could look in her phone mirror and see her body changing, it was wonderful. All the times she’d looked in the mirror and hoped to see improvement in past diets, and so often failing. It was so good to look at her face thinning, and her body thinning, and what made it even better was the thought that this time, this time, it might last.

Because that was the damn problem. Some diets did succeed, but it never lasted. This Collar World kennel might just fix that. It was turning her into a sex monster, there was no denying it. But damn, she would take that if it meant she could maintain a healthy weight for the rest of her life, however long.

Because that was the thing, of course. The thing that had given her the nerve and the determination to go to Collar World and make a damn slavegirl of herself: the knowledge that with the new temporal reset tech, her weight was forever. She would always be overweight. It was intolerable.

Before the kennels, permanent weight loss had been an impossible dream. Now it seemed ... achievable. She just had to keep at it. And all the sex made keeping at it so worthwhile.

Plus, they wouldn't let her not keep at it. She hadn't tried physically resisting the trainers because she knew it would be futile, and also because she knew in her heart that she and the trainers were on the same side. She wanted to lose weight, they wanted to help her lose weight. She would only be fighting herself. (She had seen some women fighting with the trainers on a few occasions. It never went well for them. They always wound up hooded, bound and being dragged out, sometimes literally. Not taking "no" for an answer was in force here.)

The weight change was what mattered to Chloe, but it wasn't the most profound change. She was also getting physically stronger and healthier. When she had aged, she had gotten weak and had slowed her movements and not exercised at all. The training in the exercise room had had its effect. Her younger body had responded very well to all the cardio.

Chloe had been on various physical training regimens as part of her various diets, never with any great enthusiasm on her part. She just didn't like exercise. It wasn't any fun, whether there was a ball to chase and hit or catch, or a machine to ride, or whatever.

Of course the Collar World exercise machines were very different. Totally unacceptable as a training regimen on Earth, of course. It was a shame. Chloe was fairly sure the kennels at Collar World would have lots of business as word continued to spread.

Especially as the age setback treatments became more affordable and more widespread among Earth women. Other women would face the intolerable, just as she had, and the intolerable would send them to the kennels, just as it had sent her.

But she'd gotten there first, as she so often did. Everyone thought her success had come because she was a gifted cook, but there were a lot of gifted cooks that hadn't gotten anywhere in the world. The thing that was really responsible for Chloe's success was her ability to see things before others saw it. Intelligence, she supposed. It had kept her from making some bad business decisions, and allowed her to make some very good ones. It was why she owned a company, and wasn't owned by a company.

Strangely, Chloe didn't find herself interested in talking with the other women in the kennels once she'd been there a while. They were undergoing the same experiences she was, and almost certainly having the same reactions. What was there to say, really? She knew damn well what they were feeling: orgasms, just like her.

Plus, they were all out there together in that room, obscenely displayed on the bondage machines, helpless, squirming and moaning, in the throes of sexual ecstasy and getting a pretty good workout in, too. It was way too lesbian to suit Chloe. Making friends with someone she had seen with her ass hiked in the air, her legs split wide, getting machine fucked, sweating and squirming and eventually... it was weird. And Chloe had seen almost every woman in the cells in the exercise room.

Some of the other women didn't feel the same way Chloe did. They made friends, they talked, and Chloe listened in. (Another part of intelligence was knowing when to shut up and listen, which was frequently.)

"Aww, worn out are we, Marie?" asked one of Chloe's kennel sisters when another was brought in by her trainer after a long day on the bondage machines.

"Tired but satisfied," said Marie, a brunette who was clearly well along in her training but not there yet. "How are you doing, Cindy?"

"I swear to god, I am sitting here wishing the trainer would come and take me back to the machines," Cindy said. She had black hair and pail white skin, very goth. You could see her veins clearly through her skin. Chloe had to fight the impulse to stare at times. It was fascinating, the things you could see on naked people.

Her many tattoos, on the other hand, were very dull.

"Slut!" cried Marie.

"Look who's talking, your pussy is almost steaming," said Cindy, laughing.

"Easy for you to say," said Marie. "You've had time to cool down. I've seen them dragging you in from the room, limp as a boiled noodle, your eyes blank."

(That's what all the kennel slaves called the exercise room – there were other rooms, but it was THE room.)

"Wasn't too bad today," said Cindy. "They had me on the 'lay there and take it' machines a lot. I can lay there and take it with the best of them."

"That's the slavegirl spirit," said Marie.

"Today wasn't too bad for me, either, except they had me on the rower for a bit. Not a long bit, my blood pressure got too high and the trainer took me off it. Not that I minded. That thing is a bear."

"You'll be begging for more time on it before they let you out of here," Cindy said.

"So, you are already begging for more time on it, then," said Marie.

"Well, no," said Cindy. "I'm not that crazy yet. But I will be. We both know why we're here. Everybody that leaves these kennels is just a slobbering hose beast, dying for her next cock."

"Right, typical Collar World slavegirls," said Marie.

"We'll be popular, at least," said Cindy.

"In alleyways and hotel rooms all over Ince... Earth," said Marie.

"I'll be popular with my husband," said Cindy. "That's all that matters."

"Not popular with him now?" Marie asked.

"Oh, he loves me," said Cindy. "But he doesn't lust for me the way he used to before I put on all the pounds. That'll change."

"I'm sure it will," said Marie. "I'm looking forward to going through men like a hot knife goes through butter."

"Good luck with that," said Cindy. "You'll be wanting them to tie you up now, you know."

"No, I won't," said Marie.

"Yes, you will," said Cindy. "You don't think you'll go back to Earth just hooked on the sex? You'll be hooked on being a slavegirl, just like every last woman on Collar World. It's irresistible, once you get into it."

"I'm pretty sure I'll be able to handle not being tied up when I have sex," said Marie.

"You say that now," said Cindy, "but you'll see. In a few months you won't be able to cum without a gag in your mouth and your hands tied behind your back. And you'll call every man who fucks you Master."

"Nah, I'm dropping all the slave girl routine once I get back to Earth," said Marie. "I'll just be a regular Earth nympho slut."

"Faaar better than being slavegirl," said Cindy.

“Well, yes,” said Marie.

“No it’s not,” Cindy said. “There are rules about what slavegirls and Masters do. There’s no rules about sluts. Safer to be a slavegirl, if you ask me.”

“Safer to be tied up and gagged by men when they fuck you?” Marie asked. “Really?”

“Yeah, because there’s rules about what you do with a slavegirl,” said Cindy. “Masters are supposed to protect slavegirls even when they’re hanging them from the ceiling and spanking them and flogging them and fucking them.”

“Eew, spanking and flogging,” said Marie.

“I’m looking forward to it,” said Cindy. “I’ve liked everything the Masters have done to me here, and I’m curious about all the other things they get up to with slavegirls. I have a feeling I will like that, too.”

“Well, I do enjoy the fucking,” said Marie.

“Certainly makes the exercise worthwhile.”

“On that we can agree,” said Cindy.

Chloe was in agreement with both of them on the exercise and the fucking. She was planning to be Fred’s slavegirl when she got back to Earth. They’d discussed it. Fred saw it as just another sex game, he was fine with it. Chloe had viewed it the same way before coming to the kennel. Now she wasn’t so sure about it. The slavegirl/Master thing was a lot more powerful than she’d expected. Maybe it was just all the sex on the machines, but Chloe didn’t think so. It was because of the break times. If she wasn’t already in love with Fred, she could so easily have fallen for one of the trainers. Any of them, really, they were all so powerful and yet so relaxed and so interested in her. They were really good listeners.

It was not a trait that Chloe associated with men.

Chloe imagined having the same kind of sex with Fred and it just felt like it would be heaven on Earth. She hoped Fred would feel the same way, and she kind of knew he would. After several decades of marriage, you got to know a guy.

After a month in the Room Chloe had seen a lot. One thing she had observed in particular was slavegirls (might as well call them what they were here) being pulled off bondage machines while sobbing and crying and often begging to be put back on the bondage machines. Their poor little

hands would reach out for the machines, but the trainers were insistent. They just cuffed up the girls, hooded them, leashed them and led them off.

It was quite a common sight.

Of course the very first chance she got, Chloe asked about the women who were so distressed at leaving the machines, during a break time. (She loved break time so much.)

“Oh, that’s subspace, girl,” Master Aan said, feeding Chloe a piece of cheese. “Classic response.”

“Ah,” Chloe said. “So, subspace makes you cry?”

“Yeah, but it’s not sad crying, it’s happy crying, or something like it,” said Aan. “Hard to explain. Mostly, it’s because you’ve just been on a really intense and prolonged high of being in subspace, and now you’ve come down from it. Tends to render you fragile emotionally. But also makes you really susceptible to aftercare.”

“What’s aftercare?” Chloe asked.

Basically, what we’re doing now,” said Aan. “Only with more hugging and petting, generally some calm words to bring you down and get you back to normal.”

“Hm,” said Chloe. “I thought subspace was supposed to be fun.”

“Slavegirls say it’s the most fun ever,” said Aan. “But after that normal reality is a bit of a letdown. Still, slavegirls also say that aftercare after a trip in subspace is also wonderful.”

“Slavegirls say a lot of things,” Chloe observed.

“Yeah, but experiencing is believing,” said Aan. “You’ll see.”

“So you think I’ll go into subspace?” Chloe asked.

“You’d be a rare exception if you didn’t,” said Aan.

(After that, Chloe watched the other women more carefully and noticed that a lot of them were showing subtle signs of coming down from subspace when their trainers hauled them out of the room for a break. Or aftercare, as it was apparently also called.)

“How come I’ve never seen trainers hugging and petting slavegirls in the break room?” Chloe asked.

“We use a different room for aftercare,” said Aan.

“Oh, I see,” said Chloe.

“No, you don’t see,” said Aan. “But you will, when you wind up there.”

Chloe would ordinarily have been prone to dismiss the subspace thing as exercise-related woo much like the exercise-related woo that was quite common on Earth. People made all sorts of claims about exercise there. Psychological, spiritual, you name it. All for rolling around on the floor or chasing a ball. It was ridiculous.

But Collar World people were different. They were credible. They were not constantly trying to sell people things, ideas and recipes to make money. Funny, how that worked.

And the Collar World people had been right about everything, so far. It was unnerving.

Chapter 15

***“Also three-hour-long blowjobs
because the slavegirl is in subspace
because she’s got a vibrator
strapped in her pussy.”***

About two months in Chloe looked very different. The trainers wouldn’t tell her how much she had lost but the mirror made it very clear that she was not the woman she once was. Chloe would have guessed she was about seventy pounds lighter than that women.

Chloe now looked like the women who showed up in porn videos described as “curvy.” Her waist was definitely narrower than her hips and breasts. Granted, she still had generous hips and breasts, but she curved in where she should and out where she should.

It was wonderful. Chloe spent an inordinate amount of time staring at herself in the mirror when she was in the kennels.

They had her on one of the less stressful exercises one day, resting between more stressful exercises, which weren’t all that stressful to her any more. Her body felt so much better, so much

more capable. She was really regaining her youth, at last.

Chloe was straddling a sybian that was mounted on a wall, with her arms and legs stretched out spreadeagled, attached to the wall by resistance bands. These were more resistant resistance bands than the ones she had started out with. She had to really work to bring her hands and feet together with these bands, and she couldn't manage it at all for more than a second or two. Not that she tried, she was very content to perch atop the sybian, her body held in place by a waist strap attached to the wall at either end, the nubby bits working her clit and pussy into a frenzy while a dildo worked her ass and vibes worked her nipples, her arms and legs spread wide apart.

She moaned into her gag and her arms and legs writhed mindlessly, she felt the pleasure surging through her as she squirmed obscenely. It was wonderful, it surged through her and she let it. The sybian was a comfortable perch, the bands kept her arms and legs spread wide, forcing them to flex constantly in response to the pressure of the bands as she balanced. It was weirdly comfortable and relaxing even as it drove her inevitably toward orgasm.

Chloe relaxed, she gave in to it. It was all pleasure and she let it happen to her body, safe and secure, held in her bonds. Her mind became one long endless soaring, floating joy that lasted forever. She came and the joy soared with her orgasms, she recovered and the joy soared right again, she built up to more orgasms and more orgasms and it wall all joy and she felt almost as if she were floating above her bound body and then suddenly Master Gurnax was there, freeing Chloe from the bonds.

"Nuh!" Chloe cried through her gag. "Nuh!" He was ending the joy, the ecstasy, the wonderful feeling she was feeling. And it was by FAR the best feeling she had ever felt, better than orgasms, even.

"Afraid so, your pulse is over 200 girl," said Gurnax. "Time to come down."

"Nuuuu!" Chloe responded. He didn't understand. She had been in paradise. He was taking her out. It was all wrong.

Gurnax made no reply, he just lifted her off the sybian, clipped her wrist rings together behind her

back, hooded her, leashed her and led her away. Chloe, though not at all happy about leaving the sybian which had given her so much joy, marched along obediently, out of sheer programmed habit. When you were hooded and leashed by a Master, you heeled to him. It was the rule.

As she walked, Chloe began sobbing softly into her hood. She had no idea why. She wasn't sad. She wished with all her heart she was back on that sybian experiencing that joy again, but she felt... she didn't know how she felt. But it wasn't sad.

It was kind of like that happy crying that Master Aan has spoken of either. And it was kind of not.

When Gurnax removed the hood, she was standing beside a bed. Gurnax had her lay down on it on her side, then he laid down beside her and wrapped his arm around her. It felt good. Chloe would ordinarily have been a little worried about a trainer snuggling in behind her like that: was she about to get fucked? But Gurnax made no sexual moves on her, he just hugged her and then stroked her arms and spoke to her calmly and soothingly.

It felt great. Chloe instinctively snuggled right into Gurnax and relaxed. This wasn't the joy she had just experienced, but it was very nice.

Oh. Shit. She had been in subspace. That was subspace? It was incredible! Why didn't everyone want to be in subspace all the time? She did!

Still, this "aftercare" was nice. She heard the murmur of other trainers in the room doing aftercare, the occasional sound of a slavegirl's voice. It was so nice and peaceful and tranquil. Chloe just soaked it in. She didn't feel any need to say anything or do anything, she just laid there and floated down to earth. Er, Collar World.

"Maffa," Chloe said after a time.

"Hang on, girl," said Gurnax and he removed the gag from her mouth.

"Thank you, Master," Chloe said. She found it so easy to call these men Master. And fun. She would call Fred "Master" when she returned to Earth. He might like it. "I think I was in subspace."

"Tell me how you felt," Gurnax ordered.

"Master, I felt this wonderful soaring joy," said Chloe. "It was incredible. I felt like I was floating on top of the sybian, outside myself. I felt the

orgasms, but they were just part of the joy, you know?”

“I don’t know from personal experience, but what you’re describing sounds very much like subspace,” said Gurnax. “Your first time?”

“Yes, I’ve never felt anything like that before,” said Chloe. “It was the most intense high ever. I’d say it was second only to falling in love with my husband Fred, and falling in love wasn’t as intense. It took a lot longer but it was more ... basic, fundamental, I guess. Still, subspace is amazing. Why doesn’t everyone want to be there, all the time?”

“Every slavegirl would love to be there, all the time,” said Gurnax, “from what I hear. They all crave it, you will, too. And you will get it, from prolonged sexual activity. Pain can activate it, too. Pain and pleasure together especially.”

“Oh,” said Chloe. “I have always wondered why the people who like pain like it. Now I see. Just a means to an end.”

“Just one means to an end,” said Gurnax. “People who like pain and pleasure mixed discover subspace, but so do those who just extreme sexual activity and bondage. Most people don’t get into pain just to get to subspace. Though it does happen. And many girls who don’t like pain develop a taste for a little light spanking. Or heavy spanking.”

“Aha,” said Chloe.

“We don’t do pain here, it has no application to the goal of helping you lose weight and would actively hinder those who don’t like pain from developing an expanded libido.”

“An expanded libido you say, Master?” Chloe asked.

“Yes, one that will consume your appetite for food,” said Gurnax.

“Ah,” said Chloe. “Well I am pretty sure I have an expanded appetite for subspace. I want to go back now.”

“Understandable,” said Gurnax. “That’s part of the reason I had to take you off the sybian. You might have stayed there until you heart burst.”

“Maybe,” Chloe said.

“Oh, definitely,” said Gurnax. “Girls who get to subspace via pain will ask Masters to do extreme things to keep the subspace experience going, things that could seriously injure them if the

Master complied. But we Masters don't comply, that's what makes us Masters. We take care of you. We refuse to harm you, or let you harm yourselves when you are in subspace."

"My pulse really was over 200 beats a minute?" Chloe asked. "Is that dangerous?"

"Not for a short time, not at your present level of cardio fitness," said Gurnax. "Over a long time, it could cause problems for you now. It could be dangerous in a very short time, in the condition you arrived here in."

"Oh," said Chloe.

"When you leave here, it will probably be your target heart rate when you exercise," said Gurnax.

"Really?" Chloe said.

"You'll be very fit," said Gurnax. "Able to slake the appetites we are creating in you for hours on end. Able to spend many happy hours in subspace."

"Oh," said Chloe. "That sounds... great."

"Yeah, you Incel World people can't figure out why we Collar World folks love our master and slave play... now you know. My slave spends time in subspace almost every night. Sometimes day and night, on our days off."

"What do you Masters get out of it?" Chloe asked.

"The love of women who will do anything we say," said Gurnax. "Duh. Also three-hour-long blowjobs because the slavegirl is in subspace because she's got a vibrator strapped in her pussy. Also, damn, you cannot imagine the sense of power it gives a man to make a woman into a slobbering, moaning beast for hours on end."

"Oh, I think I can," Chloe said.

"Why do you think that?" Gurnax asked.

"I used to be a chef," said Chloe. "I've been known to make quite a few foodies drool then send them into ecstasy."

"Fair enough," said Gurnax.

"Well, to be honest, I've had quite a few wonderful experiences eating food, but nothing came close to subspace," said Chloe. "God, it was wonderful. And the cuddling afterward. I loved that. Just what I needed."

"The products of centuries of experience putting slavegirls in subspace," said Gurnax.

"Subspace always leaves a girl ready to be hugged

and petted. It's fun anytime, of course, but kind of necessary after subspace."

"Necessary?" Chloe asked.

"Well 'necessary' is maybe an overstatement," said Gurnax. "But it really helps to give a girl who's been in subspace a nice, soft landing, emotionally speaking. It's just the thing we do, and it seems to work really well. You up for some snacks?"

"Sounds wonderful, Master," said Chloe.

Master Gurnax rose and a few moments later returned with the standard break time snack tray. Then he sat and fed her, and she ate, and they talked, and she felt wonderful. But she was really looking forward to getting back on the bondage machines and getting back into subspace.

Chapter 16

"At heart I'm a cook, and I consider politics tasteless."

Chloe did not get back into subspace that evening, she returned to her cell disappointed about it, despite Gurnax's assurances that she would be back in subspace soon, and it would get easier and easier over time. It just wasn't something you could turn on and off, like a spigot.

Well Chloe would very much have preferred to be able to turn it on and off at will, and to leave it on a lot. But she would have to be patient, because she had no choice here.

Over the next couple of weeks Chloe entered subspace almost daily, often several times a day. She would have preferred to be in subspace all the time she was in the Room, and outside it, too. She still had orgasms even when she wasn't in subspace, and they were wonderful, but they were so much more wonderful in subspace.

Chloe soon realized that it took a while to enter the appropriate mental state to get into subspace. It was like meditating. She had to get her body and mind into the right frame to enter the state, only in the case of subspace it involved vigorous activity, extreme pleasure and/or extreme pain. Like fucking. Or whipping. And writhing vigorously.

And it helped to be hooded or blindfolded, or at least to shut her eyes. And most of all, it helped to be tied down, bound tightly so she felt utterly controlled and and helpless. She had to surrender utterly to it, to let her body and mind just become an extension of what the bondage machines were doing to her, and the bondage really made that happen. Only then could she enter subspace.

Fortunately, the repeated experience of being fucked vigorously on a bondage machine made surrendering to the bondage easy. Her mind got used to it. She learned to surrender easily.

So Chloe got there, she joyfully soared through that timeless space and orgasmed and then got taken off whatever machine she was on and petted and comforted by a trainer. She started asking them not to take her hood off when they put her on a machine, and the trainers obliged. It made getting into subspace easier, mentally and visually cut off from her surroundings.

It was the best, and it encouraged her to exert herself on the bondage machines like nothing else had.

It made her feel mentally healthier somehow, too. Her mind stopped working in subspace, she was no longer conscious, she was just aware. She had thought she became just an animal writhing on a bondage machine when she was orgasming, and that might have been true in a sense, but she was, animal or not, still her when she orgasmed. But in subspace, she lost all consciousness of who she was or what she was doing. All there was was the ecstasy. It was like a vacation from being herself. It always came as an unwelcome surprise when the trainer pulled her off the machine. Yes, she begged them not to when they did it, just like the others, just as piteously.

And the pounds continued to melt off. And the weird thing was, now that there was subspace, the weight loss was secondary. Chloe's major goal each day was to get into subspace and stay there for as long as possible. Losing weight was just a happy byproduct.

Still, Chloe would pull up the hologram of herself and look at it when she was back in her cell, and then look in her mirror and each day she looked a little more like that hologram. It was uncanny to see. But also wonderful to see. She loved the way she was looking. She would never

be a top fashion model type, but she could definitely be pretty, and she had always been curvy. Curvy and pretty had a beauty all their own, a beauty she knew from her own past that men liked. A lot. And she had that beauty once more.

The conversations with the trainers during break times started taking a new turn.

“When you get hungry back on Incel World, think of sex,” said Master Brever said, seemingly out of the blue one day.

“I like sex, Master,” Chloe said. “Should be easy.”

“You’d think so,” said Brever. “But every so often, the old habits reassert themselves, or try to. That’s when you need to think of sex. In fact, many girls find it useful to wear a remote-controlled egg vibe in their pussy when they are out and about. When the temptation to eat something they shouldn’t arises, they just reach into their purses and activate the vibe, and very soon the temptation vanishes.”

“Oh, really?” asked Chloe. “I thought the temptation to eat would go away.”

“Come on, girl, you’ve a pro chef, you of all people know what a powerful urge hunger is,” said Brever. “We will give you a way of combating it, but you will still have to combat it. The thing is, it will be so much easier now.”

“Especially with an egg vibe in my pussy all the time,” said Chloe.

“Well, not all the time, but yes, it is a very useful tool,” said Brever. “You may not need it, not everybody does. But you’ll definitely need to learn to think about sex when overeating seems tempting. Thing is, we’re in brand-new territory with women like you.”

“I’m not sure what you mean, Master,” Chloe said.

“I mean women who have had their body’s clocks turned back, as you have,” said Brever. “You face what may be a very long life span now. We have no idea how long you will be able to maintain a healthy body weight over your greater lifespan. Maybe your whole life, however long it turns out to be. There’s just not telling. We think for many years, we just don’t know how many is many.”

“Oh, I can answer that one for you, Master,” said Chloe. “What do you think brought me here?”

It was the knowledge that if I didn't get this weight off, and keep it off, I was going to be fat forever. And I did not like being fat. Mostly I did not like the health problems that come with being overweight when you age. The diabetes, the heart problems, the tiredness with any physical activity, it was no fun at all. And when I heard that friends had kept their weight off for several years after coming here I knew I had to try as well. Because I found the prospect of being fat forever horrifying. And I still do. That's why I'll be able to keep the weight off for the duration."

"I hear you," said Brever. "And I hope you are right."

"I'll have Master Fred buy the vibe," said Chloe.

"Master Fred?" Brever asked.

"My husband back in Ince... Earth," said Chloe.

"He's your Master?" Brever asked.

"He is now," said Chloe. "You don't think I'm going to settle for a husband now that I know about Masters, do you?"

Brever smiled.

"I see your point," he said. "How long have you two been married?"

"Forty years," said Chloe.

"Ah," said Brever. "You are really tight, then."

"Yes, I'd say the marriage might last," said Chloe.

"I've only been Sarita's Master for twelve years," said Brever. "So far be it from me to advise you."

"Oh, please tell me anything you like, Master," said Chloe. "I have learned so much from you Masters here. For one thing, I had NO IDEA how much fun I was missing out on."

"I'll bear that in mind," Brever said. "I was going to say that men sometimes have trouble accommodating change in a marriage so it's wise to go slowly on such things. But you two have been together long enough, I'm sure you know what does and does not work for you."

"Pretty much, Master," said Chloe. "But you know, on a culture like Ince... Earth's... it's not just knowing on another. It's knowing that we have one another's backs, totally."

"Yeah, that must help in such a combative, isolating culture," said Brever.

"It does," said Chloe. She started giggling.

"What now, girl?" Brever asked.

"I'm sorry, Master," said Chloe. "But as you must know, people on Earth consider Collar World kind of... dull. Boring. They say it's a world run like it's a summer camp. If only they knew!"

"Oh, there's a lot you have yet to discover on Earth, if you survive," said Brever.

"Wait... what?" asked Chloe.

"Oh, you know, climate change," said Brever. "You live on a dying world."

"Oh, right," said Chloe. "You think we might go extinct."

"Your own scientists think you might go extinct," said Brever. "And they're right. Of course, you might also not go extinct. That would be the preferred option, especially for you personally."

"Well yes, I don't want to personally go extinct," said Chloe.

"Neither does anyone on Incel World, and yet, there you are," Brever replied.

"You know an awful lot about how things work on my world, Master," said Chloe.

"Of course I do," said Brever. "Your world is endlessly fascinating to us here on Collar World, girl. Our media are filled with news and documentaries about Incel World. It is really hard to escape knowing about Incel World here. Isn't it the same on Earth, with regard to Collar World?"

"Well, yes and no, Master," said Chloe. "Collar World fascinates us, but coverage is limited in many ways. Mainly because of all the sex and nudity you have."

"Ah, the Incel World nudity taboo," said Brever, nodding.

"Yes, Master," said Chloe. "Most images of Collar World have to be carefully edited. And of course your sexuality itself is considered dangerously perverted by many."

"Your religious holdovers," said Brever.

"Maybe so, Master," said Chloe. "But it's not just religion. I mean, maybe it originates in religion or something. But it's more general than that, I think. A general sex taboo about kink, as well as nudity. In any event, only porn channels or something like them can show how things are on Collar World as they are. I mean, everything that goes on in the exercise room would be considered

porn on Earth. So it makes it hard for Earth media to cover Incel World. Of course print media is drenched with coverage of your world. Even then it's often disapproving."

"That's hilarious," said Brever.

"Why, Master?" Chloe asked.

"Because we're not the ones who are on the verge of making ourselves extinct by destroying our atmosphere," said Brever. "We're the ones who haven't had a war in hundreds of years. I could go on."

"Oh, believe me, this has been pointed out on Earth," Chloe said. "Loudly and often. Everybody who doesn't like the way things are going on Earth, which is practically everybody, claims they can make Earth more like your world if we just do what they say."

"But your leaders don't listen to them, any more than they listen to their climate scientists," said Brever.

"Yes," said Chloe. "Point is, the curiosity and interest is there, but for a variety of reasons the media coverage is weak and politicized."

"And you don't like politics," said Brever.

"At heart I'm a cook, and I consider politics tasteless," said Chloe. And that was that, as far as she was concerned.

Chapter 17

She was supremely happy to be naked, hands cuffed behind her back and sucking on her Master's cock.

"Nice to see you again, Chloe," said Vigna.

"Nice to see you," said Chloe as she climbed out of the ball bath at the Earth end of the gate. She had forgiven Vigna for stopping her so decisively when she had attempted a runaway on her first snapback. Vigna was a very affable and relaxed woman when she wasn't preventing desperate women from escaping from the Collar World gate facility.

"Today things will be a little different," said Vigna. "Today you will not be going back to the kennels. You're through there. Congratulations!"

Chloe stared at Vigna.

"What?" she asked.

"You're staying on Earth this time, Chloe," said Vigna. "You've reached your weight reduction goal ... you weigh 100 pounds and your trainers think you have very good prospects of continuing to weigh that much."

"Oh," said Chloe. "I'm, uh... surprised. I guess I thought there would be some kind of ceremony. Maybe a parade or something."

Vigna laughed.

"Most of you who go through the kennels deserve something like a parade when you get out, I suppose," Vigna said. "But the problem is the snapback, you see. We can't predict it. So we don't know exactly when you'll be leaving us. If we tell you ahead of time, you get distracted, thinking about Earth all the time instead of existing in the here and now in the kennels. So we don't. We find it works out better that way."

"I bet some beg to go back to the kennels," said Chloe.

"A few do," said Vigna. "Everybody is surprised and needs a little time to adjust."

"You betcha," said Chloe.

"We can provide you with a ride to your home and we have robes if you want to cover up now that you're back on Earth," said Vigna. "Or you can call someone to come get you. It's your call, literally."

The Collar World gate was on the outskirts of New York City, not far from Chloe's home in Connecticut.

"I'll call," said Chloe. She wanted to see Fred just as soon as she could. And for him to see her.

"Fine," said Vigna. "We have rooms where you can fuck if you want."

"Ah, reading my mind, are we?" said Chloe.

"It's not difficult," said Vigna. "All the women who ask for a ride generally want to fuck."

"Well it is my husband," said Chloe.

"None of my business who it is," said Vigna, shrugging.

"I missed him so much," said Chloe, "even with the fucking machines going every day. I

didn't even realize how much I missed him until I knew I would see him soon."

"Well I'm glad you'll see him soon," said Vigna. "I'd hate to be away from my Master for three months."

"I bet," said Chloe with a smirk.

Vigna smiled. "See, that's another thing you get from being in the kennels. You understand us much better now. Much better than most Earth people do."

"I have walked a mile in your collar, sister," said Chloe.

"And now you wouldn't be without one," said Vigna.

"Never again," said Chloe, fingering the kennel collar she wore. It would snap back to Collar World in a week, but it didn't matter.

Chloe called Fred.

"Hey, Master," said Chloe. "Guess what?"

"You're out of the kennel?" Fred asked.

"Got it in one, Master," said Chloe. "Can you send a ride over to take me home?"

"The hell with that," said Fred. "I'm coming over."

"I was hoping you would say that, Master," said Chloe.

So Chloe sat and read her tablet and chatted with Vigna when Vigna wasn't helping the occasional traveler come through the gate. Not all were slavegirls, in fact most were Collar World staff and travelers headed for this or that destination. It made perfect sense, why waste a perfectly good gate on just two or three users a day?

Fred showed up in about 90 minutes, pretty good considering traffic in the area. Chloe was not wearing anything but her slave gear when she greeted him. He walked up to her and they kissed, a long, friendly kiss, then stood holding one another and looking at one another, their eyes gleaming. They did not speak. The sparkle in their eyes told them how much they had missed one another, and how glad they were to see one another.

"So, you ready to go home?" Fred asked. "I brought your clothes."

And he held up a box containing the clothing Chloe had requested.

“Not quite yet,” said Chloe. “They have rooms here we can fuck in. Let’s do that first!”

Fred glanced at Vigna.

“Oh, don’t worry about Vigna, she’s a Collar World slavegirl,” said Chloe. “We could fuck right in front of her in the ball bath and she wouldn’t turn a hair.”

“Oh, no, not in the ball bath,” Vigna said. “You never know who’ll snapback in when. But anywhere else, you’re welcome to fuck like mad.”

“I guess a room would be fine,” said Fred.

“I thought so,” said Chloe. “See you, Vigna!”

“Have fun, you two!” said Vigna cheerily. It was so nice to see Earth people enjoying the prospect of sex.

Chloe led Fred to a room and opened the door. It looked like a typical Collar World sex room, with a bed, a cross, a bench and plenty of ropes, chains, cuffs and toys hung on a pegboard on the wall. There was even a sybian.

“I guess you’re familiar with all of this stuff now,” said Fred, gazing at all the toys.

“Most of them,” Chloe said. “You should be, too.”

“Oh, I’ve bought a lot of stuff like it,” said Fred. “Haven’t used it on anyone.”

“Oh, poor Master!” said Chloe. “We’ll get started here.”

“Works for me,” said Fred. “But first I have to say you’re fucking BEAUTIFUL, Chloe! Like the day I married you! I want to take pictures of you.”

“Certainly Master, if it pleases you,” said Chloe, smiling with a gleam in her eye. “You may do anything you wish with me. I am yours. All yours.”

Chloe was just brimming with happiness as she spoke these words. She’d been dreaming of saying them to Fred in person for months.

“Yes, you are mine,” Fred said, which was exactly the right thing to say. “All right then, strike a pose. Look hot and sexy for me.”

And he hauled out his phone.

Chloe smiled and obliged, standing with her arms held behind her back, gazing up at Fred while he took photos. Before going to the kennels she would have been paranoid about any pictures of her being taken while naked. It was largely shame about being so overweight, but it was also sexual shame. And now she had no shame about being

overweight because she wasn't overweight, and she had no sexual shame because all that time she'd spent chained to bondage machines, obscenely displayed to everyone as she squirmed and orgasmed, had burned every last little bit of sexual shame she had inside her out of existence.

"Now what, Master?" Chloe asked.

"Well, mine," said Fred, "I have a hard-on just looking at you. I think if we tried to fuck right now I'd last about 15 seconds max. So I think I'll just have a blowjob now."

"Yes, Master," Chloe said, gratified that Fred was talking like a Master. Their texting during her kennel time had taught him a lot. "God, it's been so long since I've given a blowjob."

"I thought you spent practically all your time in the kennels with a cock gag strapped into your mouth," Fred said.

"I did, Master," said Chloe. "But a cock gag is not a cock. They can't cum, just for starters. And a blowjob training machine has the same issues. God, this is going to be fun."

"Yes it is, because you are going to go to that pegboard and fetch one of those strap-in dildos and put it on and wear it while you suck my cock," said Fred.

"Yes, Master!" said Chloe.

They'd had many discussions about the things they would do when they got back together, and now those discussions were bearing wonderful fruit.

And they were both so, so hot for it. Chloe could feel Fred's horniness, and she just basked in it. When Chloe did as ordered it felt wonderful. Her true Master, ordering her. She was unused to putting on her own bondage gear, the trainers had always put what they wanted on her, but if her Master wanted her to do it, she would. And did. And enjoyed it.

"By your command, Master," Chloe said when she was finished.

"Fine, turn the vibrator on and cross your hands behind your back," said Fred.

"Yes, Master," Chloe said, reaching down and turning on the vibe, then turning around and crossing her wrists behind her back. When she felt Fred's fingers connecting the links on her wrist cuffs, she thrilled a little, because it was Fred, the

man she loved, who was doing it. Being bound by him was so special.

“Now on your knees and suck my cock, mine,” Fred ordered. He knew what he wanted.

Fred had removed his shoes and socks and pulled his trousers down. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, facing Chloe. She sank to her knees on the thick rug (the Collar World people had of course known that women would be spending time on their knees in this room) and scooped Fred’s cock into her mouth. It was almost fully erect, he had not been kidding about his hard on.

Chloe started working Fred’s cock with her mouth, licking and suck and moving her head back and forth, just enjoying the feel of his cock inside her mouth, gazing up at his familiar face, her eyes shining with the love and adoration that filled her heart. She had always loved him, but she had never really worshiped him before. He had always thought of her as just a man, that what made him special was that he was her man, the man she loved and who loved her. But now she worshiped him, because he was a man, and a fine one. He had the stuff of Mastery in him, though they’d never stumbled on the whole BDSM thing on their own. Why should they, when on Earth it was considered a weird, freaky practice.

If only people knew.

Chloe was just getting started on sucking Fred’s cock when she felt it pulsing and suddenly cum was spurting into her mouth. Even though Fred had told her he was on the verge of cumming at the sight of her, she had not really believed it. She had subconsciously assumed his cock was like the training cocks she had sucked on when strapped to various blowjob training machines in the kennels.

Well, nothing for it. Fred had anticipated his excitement, as a good Master should.

Chloe sucked his cock clean as she had been trained to do. It was habit by now. It was funny to think that she had spent more time sucking the latex cocks of the exercise room over the last three months than she had spent with Fred’s cock in her mouth over the past forty years.

Like most Earth men, he did not last long. And like most Earth women, she had rationed the sex out to him. Why? She did not really know. She

really loved him and wanted to make him happy. And she knew he really loved having his cock sucked. But that was how you did or didn't do things on Earth, Chloe supposed.

It was weird how weird Earth seemed after she'd spent a few months looking at it from outside.

"Now, crawl up on the bed with me and continue to suck my cock until it gets hard again, mine," said Fred.

"So you just had me suck your cock until you came in my mouth and now you want me to suck it more with this vibrator strapped into my pussy until you get hard again and can fuck me?" Chloe asked.

"Yes, mine," Fred said.

"Sounds WONDERFUL, Master!" Chloe said.

Fred grinned. He'd known she'd think that. He rolled over to the bed and spread his legs wide and Chloe rose to her knees and crawled onto the bed with him. She rolled between his knees and took his cock in her mouth and began gently sucking on it, knowing Fred was in his refractory period and no amount of vigorous sucking on it would get it hard.

And she wasn't in any hurry, she was supremely happy to be naked, hands cuffed behind her back and sucking on her Master's cock. She was where she belonged, she was doing what she should be doing. Everything was right with the world at this moment, as far as Chloe was concerned.

And besides, there was the little matter of the dildo vibe strapped into her pussy and sending waves of ecstasy up from her nether regions. She felt absolutely wonderful, and she surrendered to that, and then... subspace. She was soaring through absolute joy. It was wonderful. There was just the pleasure surging from her pussy to combine with the pleasure of being with Fred again, sending her into absolute joy. And there was the pleasure of playing with Fred's cock with her mouth. It was all good, one continuous soaring joy. And very soon, it was subspace.

Soon she was cumming, cumming as she sucked Fred's cock and sailed through subspace, and it was absolutely wonderful. She shuddered a little as she orgasmed, but she never stopped sucking her Master's cock. It felt so good to have it

there, in her mouth, while she came, gazing up at him as he read his tablet, apparently oblivious to her ecstasy.

Fred had picked up his tablet and was planning to read it for a little while just to wind Chloe up, even though he was dying to talk to her in person. But he was glimpsing Chloe over his tablet and he noticed that after a couple of minutes her eyes got this glazed, dreamy expression. She was clearly on another planet. Her eyes looked totally unfocused, real thousand-yard stare stuff.

He was pretty sure it was that subspace stuff she'd told him about. At the same time, she was clearly enjoying sucking his cock. She was working it, not hard, but in a very focused way. She was really into his cock, he could tell. At the same time, her eyes never focused, they continued to stare off into the unseen distance. It was subspace, just as she'd described, totally into the sex, and yet off in another place mentally.

He had been fucking Chloe for forty years now. Not nearly as often since they'd both aged, but more often since they'd turned the clock on their bodies back and become young again. And he'd never seen Chloe go at his cock like this before. It was uncanny, he was pretty sure there was nothing in the world but his cock for her, judging from her expression. Subspace was a place where his cock was all that mattered in the world to Chloe. Fred approved.

So he didn't try to talk with her. He didn't want to break the spell. He wasn't sure about subspace, but he was sure reading the tablet and letting her have at his cock was the right thing to do, in either event. Chloe looked as if she could lie there and suck his cock forever. And he was fine with that. She could suck his cock and squirm all day as far as he was concerned.

After a time, though, he stopped being fine with that. His cock started getting hard again. Fred was used to blowjobs being brief things, and his cock being in Chloe's mouth usually meant he was either going to cum very soon or he'd be pulling out very soon to keep from cumming so he could fuck her pussy.

Not that there was anything wrong with any of that, from Fred's point of view.

His cock went from slightly stiff to fully erect, but it took a little while, because Chloe wasn't

really trying to make him cum. She was just enjoying having his cock in her mouth. She licked it and sucked it and took the whole thing in her mouth (something she had never done before) but she worked slow, like she was savoring his cock. Fred was sure the vibrator was helping her enjoyment, and that was OK too. Whatever it took to make Chloe happy.

And apparently all it took was letting her suck his cock. Well, that worked for Fred. He had half expected that he was going to have to level up a lot to compete with the trainers who were apparently a combination of shrink and expert sex surrogate. Plus fit as hell.

But no, it was just as Chloe had said. The trainers had trained her... for Fred. He would have to send them a nice card or something. He wasn't sure what you did for someone who taught your wife to really love sucking your cock, but he was pretty sure they had a way of handling it on Collar World.

When his cock was rock hard he pulled it out of Chloe's mouth.

"Doggie style, mine," he said. "Get those legs spread wide."

"Yes, Master," Chloe said. Her voice was so sweet and soft when she said it. But her voice had a thousand-mile quality to it, too.

Fred sat up and rolled around and in a moment he was kneeling behind Chloe, who was lying on the bed, her face buried in the mattress, her hands still pinioned behind her back, her legs very wide apart and her pussy just hanging there with the dildo hanging out of it.

Fred undid the strap that held the dildo in place, then pulled the dildo out. It came out easily, Chloe was wet. In fact, she had left a stain on the bed sheets.

Fred wondered idly who changed the sheets between guests while he worked his cock into Chloe's pussy. He supposed there was a slavegirl type who might enjoy it.

His cock slid easily into Chloe. She was so ready. He started fucking her and smelled the familiar smell of her pussy in heat, and it was a rush of pleasure as his cock slid easily into her pussy. It felt so good.

He began thrusting back and forth inside Chloe, the old familiar pleasure of the silky walls

of her pussy sliding back and forth against his cock. He went faster and faster, watching Chloe's fingers clench and unclench as he fucked her. She was feeling it, her whole body communicated the pleasure she was experiencing, as were her moans.

Chloe never really left subspace. She had been so deep into it while sucking Fred's cock that when Fred pulled out and then started fucking her from behind, she continued to soar along, full of joy. Being fucked by the man she loved just felt so incredibly good. She was able to just relax into it in a way she had never been able to relax into anything in the kennels. She had surrendered to the machines when they overwhelmed her, she had trusted the trainers when they comforted her (and they had never betrayed her trust) but she had never been able to just completely relax with them the way she was relaxed now. She surrendered voluntarily, let Fred control and use her, and came and came and came as she did so.

Fred felt Chloe's pussy clenching on his cock and knew she was cumming. He half expected her to collapse on the bed, but she didn't. She just kept cumming and cumming and cumming. She was the Energizer bunny of sex.

Fred however was male. And the feel of Chloe's pussy clenching at his cock, the smell of her sex, the loud, urgent moans of pleasure she made as she came, the sight of her now delectable ass spread wide for him, squirming in ecstasy, it was too much. He came, he came just as hard as he had when Chloe broke his three month cherry with her mouth. He moaned and collapsed on top of Chloe, then rolled to one side of her before he crushed her now-dainty frame, reaching out with his arm and pulling her to him, rolling her so they lay snuggled together on one side.

He wrapped his arm around her and for a long time they just lay like that, snuggled together, enjoying post-coital bliss together.

God, it felt good to Fred.

For Chloe it was aftercare, but with a difference, the difference being it was Fred who was providing it. He wasn't petting her, but he did have that nice, meaty arm of his wrapped around her and his body snuggled up to her and it felt wonderful, because it was Fred.

"I was going to ask if you missed me while I was gone but I guess we got that question

answered,” Chloe eventually said. “And I missed you so much.”

“I got the impression they did their best to keep you occupied,” Fred said dryly.

“That they did, but I still missed you,” said Chloe. “Now I want to talk with you all the way home and fuck some more.”

“That works for me,” Fred said.

“I thought it might, Master,” said Chloe. “But you are the Master, if you wanted to tie me to one of the machines and fuck me some more I will of course obey.”

“Oh, let’s go home and break in our new toys,” said Fred. “They look so sad without you squirming on top of them.”

“Yes, Master!” said Chloe.

They got dressed, Chloe putting on the clothes Fred had brought to fit her new body based on measurements she had texted over. It was considerably sexier clothing than what she normally wore, a bra, undies, a light T-shirt and shorts with sandals. The clothing felt stiff and uncomfortable to Chloe – she had been unaware how accustomed she’d been to going naked over the last three months.

Chapter 18

He was also beginning to understand that she wanted to suck his cock more than he wanted it sucked. Which was revolutionary.

When she stepped out of the gateway building the air felt harsh and raw to her. And it didn’t smell all that good either. It had a light, lingering aroma of diesel fumes.

They hurried to their car, where Antoine, their driver, waited.

“Nice to see you again, Antone!” Chloe said, flashing him a smile.

“Good to see you as well, ma’am,” said Antoine, smiling as well.

Antoine worked his way through the greater New York traffic to Connecticut while Fred and Chloe sat in the back and talked. They didn’t have

anything urgent to talk about – they’d spent plenty of time texting and on the phone while she was in the kennels. (Video and holo functions had been disabled on her phone while she was in the kennels – all the naked women in cages was just the sort of imagery that the religious types on Earth would find all too easy to use to whip up fear and antagonism. The nude beach shots of women tied to public sex toys and fucked from tourist cameras had been a propaganda goldmine for the religious bigots as it was.)

But even if they didn’t have anything serious to say, they still enjoyed talking in person. Chloe snuggled up as close to Fred as her seatbelt would permit and they talked about clothes and not wearing clothes and things going on in their businesses and plans to expand into new areas. (Slave biscuits were going to be on everyone’s menu soon, Chloe thought. Slave gruel and cock gag goo as well, though of course more marketable names would be developed for Earth consumption.)

The first thing they did when they got home was make a nice video call to their daughter Molly, who was very glad to hear from them. She was an exec at an NGO that provided relief services to people in drought-stricken areas, so she had plenty of work to do.

“How’s the starvation racket going, Molly?” Fred asked.

“All too well, as you know,” said Molly. “Way too many people eating way too little food. Speaking of which, Mom, you look fabulous! It’s like seeing you from my childhood again. The whole de-aging thing is weird enough, but now that you’ve lost all that weight, it just too much!”

“Yeah, and the funny thing is, I still feel pretty much the same on the inside,” said Chloe. “But I have a mirror app on my phone, and I keep seeing this different person when I look in the mirror.”

They hadn’t told Molly too much about the particulars of Chloe’s diet, as she was not at all interested in their sex lives, in fact, the term “Eew,” pretty much described her feelings about the matter and that was just for vanilla sex.

“Well I’m glad the diet worked,” said Molly. “I’ll bet Dad is too.”

“Oh, I am,” said Fred. “Mom’s quite a nice little dish of eye candy now.”

“Eew,” said Molly. “Anyway, something’s come up, let’s catch up in the evening sometimes when I have more time to talk.”

“Sure, honey,” said Chloe. “Love you.”

“Love you,” Fred chimed in.

The second thing they did was go upstairs to the new playroom, where they spent several hours playing with all their new toys. Mostly it was Fred learning to give Chloe orgasms with the various bondage machines he’d bought. But there was also a lot of up close and personal sex between Chloe and Fred, and Chloe made very sure that Fred understood that whenever he wanted her to suck his cock, all he had to do was give the order.

But he did fuck her brains out, a lot, and his cock got all the action it wanted, which was a lot of action. His three month cherry got blown away, literally.

And Chloe spent plenty of time in subspace, having orgasms.

Later, they had a nice meal in the kitchen, Chloe cooking up a vegetable stew with some of the ingredients she’d ordered in over the last few days. (Based on the changes in the way the trainers spoke to Chloe, she had known she was headed home soon and had made appropriate plans.)

“This is pretty much what you lived on while you were in the kennels?” Fred asked.

“It’s close, not quite there,” said Chloe. “I suspect they may have used vegetables or seasonings that haven’t made it to Earth yet.”

“Those bastards!” said Fred.

“Yeah, they’re a sneaky bunch,” Chloe said.

“Well this stew is pretty freaking tasty,” said Fred. “And you say it’s not there yet?”

“The Collar World version was better,” said Chloe. “It could have been hunger after all day on those machines, but I don’t think so.”

“Your taste buds would know,” said Fred.

“They do,” said Chloe. “And while this isn’t quite as good as the kennel stew, it’s good enough for Earth. More than good enough.”

“We’ll call it “stew royale!” said Fred.

“We could do that,” said Chloe. “Or we could go the other way. Call it Collar World slave kennel gruel and advertise it as a health food.”

“Fiendish!” said Fred.

“I thought you’d like it,” said Chloe.

After dinner, Chloe said, "How about some TV with blowjob?"

"I thought you said the Collar World people don't watch TV," said Fred.

"They don't," said Chloe. "This is my own personal fantasy that I cooked up in the kennels."

"It does sound awfully good," said Fred.

"Good, let's go get the toys we'll need," said Chloe.

In about fifteen minutes Fred was seated on the new piece of furniture Chloe had ordered. It resembled a Victorian fainting couch, only the foot of it was a long straight hump, like a bench that had been padded so much that it had a U-shaped top instead of a flat top. At one side of the lounge portion of the chair was a large, very clean mirror. On the other side was a table with some food and drinks on it.

"Master, would it be all right with you if you were to put the gear on me?" Chloe asked.

"Sure, mine," said Fred. "Is there a reason in particular?"

"It just feels good to me to be dressed and bound by you," said Chloe. "More slavey, I guess."

It was the way the trainers had always done it, but of course, Chloe couldn't say that. It was definitely a slavegirl thing, submitting to his will as far as what she wore.

"Does this gear suit you, Master?" Chloe asked, waving her hand over the various things she's laid out on the lounge.

Fred looked over it and shrugged.

"Sure, mine," he said. "Whatever works for you."

"I would not want to do anything you did not like, Master," said Chloe. "I like making you happy."

"You've done nothing but make me happy since you came back from Collar World," said Fred. "If you do or say or suggest anything that makes me the least little bit unhappy, I'll let you know."

"Yes, Master," said Chloe. "I'm sorry to be so fussy about this, but it's very important to communicate when we do this sort of thing."

"Agreed," said Fred. "Now, you said something about a blowjob?"

“Yes, Master, and television and your pad, as soon as you get me set up,” said Chloe. She reached down and picked up a butt plug with a fluffy pink tail and handed it to Fred.

“Don’t you need a little lube for this?” Fred asked, gazing at the metallic end of the plug.

“Hold it up in front of me if you please, Master, I’ll take care of it,” Chloe said.

Fred held the buttplug up to Chloe, who engulfed it with her mouth and got it good and coated with her saliva.

Then she turned away from him and spread her legs wide.

“Brace yourself, mine,” said Fred.

“Yes, Master,” Chloe said.

Fred worked the buttplug tail into Chloe’s ass slowly and carefully. Even so, it didn’t take long, in a few moments her butt oozed over the upper bulge of the plug and clenched on the little neck that was between the bulge and the base of the wide plug from which the tail sprouted.

“Thank you, Master,” Chloe said.

Fred smiled, thinking of the sort of things she would once have said if he had shoved something up her ass. Then he picked up the other toy on the bed and held the dildo portion of it up before Chloe.

“Lube it up, mine,” he ordered.

“Yes, Master,” said Chloe, gazing up at him as she licked and sucked the dildo and then took the whole dildo into her mouth.

“Very good,” he said when she let the dildo slide out of her mouth.

“Thank you, Master,” Chloe said, smiling.

She bent over and spread her legs wide again, and Fred carefully shoved the dildo up her pussy and fitted its straps tight around her thighs then fastened them to the rings set in the belt about Chloe’s waist.

“Let’s get those hands cuffed, girl,” Fred said. When Chloe had texted him about how much she liked being bound, he had read it. But only now did he believe it.

“Yes, Master,” said Chloe, turning away from Fred and crossing her wrists behind her back. In a moment he had the rings linked.

“Now let’s see about this,” said Fred.

“If I may suggest, Master, you just get comfy on the lounge and I’ll snug right up to you,” Chloe said.

“I bet you will,” said Fred. He was also beginning to understand that she wanted to suck his cock more than he wanted it sucked. Which was revolutionary.

But she didn’t want to suck his cock a LOT more than he wanted it sucked. Fred could handle a lot of having his cock sucked.

Fred sat down on the lounge. His pants were already off and neatly folded on a table. He was still wearing his polo shirt. Just because Chloe had gone nuts with the nudity, there was no reason for him to.

He picked up his tablet and remote control from the table beside the lounge and settled down to relax.

Then Chloe slid gracefully onto the long humped thing, lying facing Fred, her face almost in his lap, her legs stretched out on either side of the hump. Chloe soon had her face in Fred’s lap, undulating beautifully along the hump until her head was directly opposite his cock. Then she sucked his cock into her mouth and started working it.

She worked it gently, though, as she had earlier. She was in no hurry to make Fred cum. If he came or not, that was fine with her. She was happy to be naked, bound and sucking her Master’s cock. Everything in her posture and her expression conveyed that all was right with the world as far as Chloe was concerned.

Fred sighed and picked up the remote, enjoying the feel of Chloe’s mouth on his cock. He turned on the set and flipped around the channels until he found something that didn’t disgust him or offend him, which was about as good as TV got nowadays. It was a mindless game show. It worked. He put the remote down and picked up the tablet and began browsing the Internet. He’d spent many a pleasant evening doing things like this in the past, except no blowjob.

It was so much better with blowjob.

Chloe sucked his cock. She could see the game show Fred had put on in the mirror. It was hardly worth the energy it took to look at it, which was very little energy at all. Chloe soon lost all track of it as she focused on Fred’s cock in her mouth.

Funny, she'd never noticed before how good it was to have his cock in her. All those wasted years not having sex very often. It was a wonder they'd managed to love one another the way they did over so long.

But they did, they had. The nagging fear that had roosted in Chloe's mind while she was in the kennels, that somehow their time apart with her having all that sex and Fred having none (strangely, she had not worried about Fred seeking out other women, she knew Fred wouldn't, somehow) would have poisoned or killed their relationship. But no, that wasn't the case at all. They were still solid, she could feel it.

And that felt so wonderful.

And there was the other thing. She'd been in the house all day. There was food in the house. She knew every bit of what was in the kitchen, and what could be done with it.

And she didn't care.

She really didn't care. All she wanted was to fuck her Master and suck his cock. There was not a thing in the kitchen she would rather have in her mouth than Fred's cock. And that was wonderful, for a variety of reasons, not the least of which was that she wasn't hungry.

She kvelled at that, the knowledge that she wasn't hungry, that Fred still loved her, and she still loved him, and that she had his cock in her mouth.

In a very short time, she was in subspace, and nothing mattered at all but the feel of floating in pleasure. Somehow the feel of her bound wrists helped. She was a little annoyed that her feet weren't bound, and that she wasn't strapped down to the lounge, but that would come later now that she knew how she fit on the couch.

For now, there was only joy and pleasure.

Fred saw the thousand-yard stare take over Chloe's face as she sucked his cock. She was doing that subspace thing again. He wondered idly how long she'd be sucking his cock. He wondered idly what she would do if he came in her mouth: would that knock her out of subspace or would she just swallow and keep going?

He was pretty sure she'd just swallow and keep going. Chloe looked very comfy on that extension to the lounge. She could probably spend a long time perched there, very happily.

And Fred was fine with that. If there was a better way to spend an evening than lying around having your cock sucked, he didn't know what it might be.

Chapter 19

“Collar climax, isn't that that thing that makes Collar World slaves into the geniuses that the governments are so scared of?”

Four months later, Chloe was in her regular nightly perch on the couch. It had been surprisingly hard to make time for Fred's evening blowjob. Chloe had forgotten how much time she'd spent on the phone at night, and having guests over for parties and meetings to keep her business running smoothly.

Or at least, she'd thought it was necessary to keep her businesses running smoothly. She'd been wrong about that, it turned out. Her businesses had run like a top without her, in large part because she'd never been afraid to hire smart, capable people.

It had taken weeks to get the message out to their friends and associates that unless it was actually important, they weren't to be disturbed in the evening, but they'd managed it.

The reward was the long evenings of being fucked and sucking Fred's cock. She found that she really missed her time in the kennels. There was something to be said for timelessness and no decisions to be made at all.

Chloe found she had to spend a few minutes with Fred's cock in her mouth before she could be ready to enter subspace. All the decision-making she had to do during the day tended to echo in her head, even though she knew she wasn't as effective at thinking after six hours or so.

But getting her brains fucked out by Fred had done wonders for her. Fred had gotten much better at lasting when they fucked, no doubt because they did it so often.

Soon Chloe drifted into subspace, soaring joyously. She felt so intensely happy in subspace.

Then something happened. Nothing bad, she didn't leave subspace exactly. But Chloe felt herself changing. Things were shifting about, but it didn't feel bad. It didn't feel good, either. It just felt... right. Like when you shifted position in a chair and you immediately felt immensely more comfortable. Only not physical at all.

Chloe wasn't sure how long the process took. It took some time, and she was happy to continue sucking on Fred's cock while it happened, still soaring through that bright, joyous experience that was subspace.

Subspace, what a silly name for something so wonderful. They should call it "joyspace" or something. Then again, if they called it "joyspace" everyone would want to do it.

Then again, what was wrong with that?

Chloe's brain nattered on with such thoughts as she sucked on Fred's cock and felt wonderful and her mind rearranged itself. There was a lot going on, but Chloe didn't feel particularly overwhelmed or alarmed as it happened, in fact, the longer it went on, the calmer she felt. It was strange, feeling both joyous and calm.

And then suddenly, it was over. Her mind stopped rearranging itself. And she was in this strange head space of soaring joy combined with absolute calm and clarity. And she knew two things. One, she loved Fred with all her heart and always would. She would protect him and Molly as best she could for the rest of her life.

And two, a lot of people were doing things wrong. She would have to think about that. She would have to think about a lot of things, and learn a lot of things.

And she was completely all right with that. It didn't worry her or make her anxious. She felt completely able to do all the thinking and learning she needed to do. She had plenty of time and no one was about to stop her.

It was at that point that it occurred to Chloe that she might be having a collar climax. It seemed perfectly reasonable to suppose so. She wasn't sure exactly what a collar climax was supposed to feel like, but something had definitely happened in her mind.

Chloe was happy to spend the next couple of hours sucking her Master's cock while her mind sorted itself out. The joy was still with her.

“You OK, mine?” Fred asked as they went to bed that night, tired but happy as usual.

“Sure,” said Chloe. “Why do you ask?”

“You seem different,” said Fred.

“Different how?” Chloe asked.

“I dunno... calmer, I guess,” Fred said. “I mean, you’ve always been very level-headed, but tonight you have this... distant quality.”

“Oh, well, yeah, I think I might have had a collar climax while I was sucking your cock,” said Chloe. “And thank you for that, Master.”

“Collar climax, isn’t that that thing that makes Collar World slaves into the geniuses that the governments are so scared of?” Fred asked.

“I don’t know about geniuses,” said Chloe. “I looked it up, it said the collar climaxes made their minds clearer, more able to deal with issues without emotions clouding their thinking.”

“Oh, like Spock,” said Fred, who liked science fiction.

“No, Spock wasn’t human, dear,” said Chloe.

“And he didn’t have sexual feelings except once a century, I think. Very, very different.”

“Well you’re just a genius then because I definitely read that collar climaxes makes geniuses out of slavegirls. That’s just how it is,” Fred said.

“OK, I’m a genius who wants to fuck you every night and suck your cock afterward,” said Chloe. “That kind of genius.”

“Well I would say that’s definitely a mark of super intelligence, wanting that,” said Fred with a smirk.

“If you say it is so, it must be so, Master,” said Chloe.

“True enough,” said Fred. He wasn’t sure how to deal with this business of Chloe accepting whatever he said so much. She hadn’t been like that before.

But he noticed that Chloe still had a way of getting whatever she wanted, one way or another. It was just that she now got it by his permission, somehow.

He rolled over and went to sleep. As long as she loved him, she could do whatever she liked, as far as he was concerned. And she obviously loved him senseless. That was what mattered.

Chloe went into work the next day and appeared to be doing the usual minutiae of running her businesses. It wasn’t true. Most of the stuff she

had once considered important was minutiae, the sort of thing an executive assistant could be trusted with. She had no idea why she had once regarded them as important.

Instead, she spent most of her time visiting and talking with various members of her staff, using the minutiae as a rationale.

What she was actually doing was sounding out her people. She got them talking about things other than work, their hobbies and interests, that kind of thing. She was doing what she should have done over the years in the past, which was figuring out her employees and where they'd work out best for her and themselves.

Of course, she'd managed her employees in the past, but haphazardly. She hadn't focused on it like a laser beam. She had always assumed she'd be there to set things straight if any of her people screwed things up too badly. And she'd been right about that.

Chloe was surprised at how well she'd done with her earlier haphazard approach: she'd only made a few blunders and those were easily fixed, when you were the boss.

She was unhappy with her marketing efforts, however. They just didn't seem right. She spent some time studying and researching the problem, several days, and eventually figured out that she hadn't been thinking hard enough about the effects of easily predictable future trends in the food industry. Part of it was that she had accepted the word of interested parties all too readily. They all had agendas, she should have seen that, but she hadn't. It was amazing how powerfully the media were controlled but when you read the scientific studies things were very clear.

Climate change was going to really fuck up the food industry. Rainfall was going to occur, but in different places. Temperatures would rise overall, which would expand the available range of some food crops and decrease others.

It was obvious what needed to happen: she was going to need to create a new department within her organization devoted specifically to studying climate change and its effects on food crops and food resources.

Chloe was ready to set things in action, but a new train of thought occurred to her. It was occasioned by something Fred had said to her

earlier. He'd described collar climax slaves as "those geniuses the government guys are so scared of" or something to that effect.

Did that mean that the government might be scared of her, if they knew about her?

That stopped her cold for a few minutes. Because of course they would. She was suddenly very glad she had told no one but Fred about her suspicion that she had had a collar climax. She'd have to talk to him later tonight to make sure he understood the importance of not telling anyone else.

Now the question was, how likely was US intelligence to have her under surveillance? They probably knew as well as anyone that it was possible that Earth women could have the collar climax. And being intelligence types, they'd probably be paranoid as hell about collar climax women. Fred was right about that. They would be afraid. But maintaining surveillance of every Earth woman who went to Collar World and came back was going to be very difficult, given that the Collar World people had gateways outside the United States and they let a very wide range of people through them. Being socialists, they let people in who weren't rich or famous or anything. Lots of them. Given that they charged very little to travel through their gates, a lot of middle class and poor people chose to vacation on Collar World, which was killing the Earth tourism industry. (Hilariously, the well-funded urgings of the Earth tourism industry to lower transportation costs went nowhere, because the fossil fuel industries still had the government's pockets fully lined.)

Chloe was not just any Earth woman, however, she was a very wealthy earth woman, which greatly increased the likelihood that she would be watched in some way or other, having gone to Collar World, especially for such a long time.

On the other hand, prior to her visit to Collar World she had been famously apolitical. And she had not been politically active since coming back. Thank god.

Then again, most collar climax women would probably have figured out that political activity might draw government attention to them, and hence would conceal it.

Probably the cheapest and easiest way to watch her would be with electronic eavesdropping.

Monitoring her conversations over her phone and/or her tablet was a natural. Also, Fred's. Her social media might be studied too, probably just searched for whatever keywords might be present in her posts. (This wasn't a problem, she already had a social media manager who wrote all her posts and made sure they all worked to the advantage of her business image. It was unlikely to trigger any keyword searches about clandestine political activity unless "dull" was an indicator of clandestine political activity.)

The other thing that argued against active surveillance of her was that she'd made no secret of visiting Collar World, or why. She was hardly the first woman to go to the diet kennels and wouldn't be the last, especially as word got out that the diet worked.

So the most likely supposition was that she was under some kind of surveillance, probably data collection with an AI searching for keywords, but probably not more than a cursory examination of results by any human agent. So far as she knew, she had not said or done anything to show she'd had a collar climax, except of course for telling Fred in person. So unless her Connecticut home was bugged, she was OK. And she thought it was unlikely her home was bugged at present.

Still, she was going to have to find some excuse for doing a security sweep of her offices and home. But she had an idea about that which would work just fine.

A few days later she called her head of security in.

"Ransom, got some interesting news for you," Chloe said to the relaxed-looking middle-aged man who ran her security department. "We have a mole. An industrial spy of some sort."

"Really?" Ransom asked. "Who is it?"

"It's Martin Novak, the IT guy for Product Development," Chloe said. "We're not sure exactly who he's working for or how deeply he's penetrated our computer systems, but obviously Product Development is probably thoroughly compromised. I want you to find out who Novak is working for and how compromised we are."

"How did you find out about Novak?" Ransom asked.

"I can't tell you that," said Chloe.

"I can't believe we've been penetrated and I didn't know about it," said Ransom. "I'll look into it, and let you know where the flaw was that let them get in."

"That's good," said Chloe. "What I want you to understand is that I don't consider this to necessarily be a failure on your part, or your department's part. You've done a good job of protecting our security to date, other than this. I don't expect perfection from your department any more than I expect it from any other department. I remain confident in your abilities."

"Well thank you for saying that, but I am still going to be all over this," said Ransom.

"I'd expect nothing less," said Chloe. "Also, since this is an IT person, I'd like to have you conduct covert sweeps of the homes and personal electronics of all the upper management of the Product Development department, and any other upper management you think might need it. That includes me, I'll bring my tablet and phone in, and my husband's as well, for your people to check out, and I want you to send someone to covertly check out the electronics in our home as well."

"Do you have any specific reason to believe your personal electronics have been compromised?" Ransom asked.

"No," said Chloe. "But I hate the thought that they might have been. I want to know. And I've got nothing on my electronics that would embarrass me."

"Understandable," said Ransom. "But your husband will have porn on his."

"I'm not embarrassed, and I'd be very surprised if he will be," said Chloe. "If I were easily embarrassed about sex I would have died of embarrassment on Collar World. And my husband doesn't care, either. I know I look young now, but remember, I'm temporally in my late 60s, as is Fred. We really don't care. Besides, I expect you to handle any porn you may find very discreetly, of course."

"Of course we will," said Ransom. "I just wanted you to be aware of potential issues."

"Thanks, but it's really not an issue for me or Fred," said Chloe.

"Good," said Ransom. "Next question, why all the covertness about the sweeps? If Novak has been spying he's been doing it successfully for

three, four years now, if he was a spy when he came on board. He'll have gotten sloppy, a little counter-espionage will give us the goods on him, and we can fire him and do a post-mortem sweep."

"Why do you think I want covertness in the sweeps?" Chloe countered.

Ransom nodded, as if he expected this question.

"You don't want Novak to know we're on to him, so you can feed his employers bad information and screw them over good. It's an old tactic."

"But a goodie," said Chloe, smiling.

"Where did you learn so much about spying?" Ransom asked.

"I am not at liberty to say," said Chloe with the ghost of a smile.

"Do you suspect me of being compromised?" Ransom asked.

"No," said Chloe. "If I did, I'd be talking to someone else about covertly sweeping your department."

"Ah," said Ransom.

Ransom left convinced that Chloe had hired a third-party security consultant to do a security review of her company and they had found the mole and given Ransom's department a good rating in general. It was a standard sort of thing to do in corporate security. That explained why Chloe was so secretive about her source: keeping your security department in the dark about the security review was standard operating procedure.

Still Ransom was determined to find out who had conducted the review, to satisfy his own personal curiosity.

But he never would find out who did it. Because it had been Chloe who had found the mole. She had talked with Novak as part of her optimization plan. When she'd asked him about his personal life she could detect an off note in his voice, he was hiding something, shading things. She didn't know what, so she had hired a security firm to check Novak out and they'd discovered a secret bank account with regular deposits in sums that dwarfed his Product Department salary. Further snooping of his home computer had revealed that he was sending someone information about upcoming products from Chloe's company.

That must have been how General Muffin Corporation had gotten the info about the Home Foamed Foods product line.

Chloe wasn't that concerned about the espionage, that was penny-ante stuff. But it did offer her an excellent non-political, non Collar World, non collar climax reason for having her office and home and phones and computers swept for bugs.

That was the real point of the exercise, from Chloe's point of view. The government bugs, if any, would be discovered along with any industrial espionage bugs.

A week later, Ransom and Chloe had a meeting with Dorothy ("Dot") McKee, head of product development.

She was, of course, shocked to learn that Novak was a mole.

"He seems very nice," said McKee, "devoted to his work."

"He is," said Ransom. "But his work is industrial espionage."

"We don't want you to be too concerned about this," said Chloe. "Everything we've learned indicates that you did a good job of maintaining security, it was just that Novak is very good at his job."

"God, now I have to find a replacement for him," said Dot. "Good IT people are expensive and hard to replace."

"We don't want you to find a replacement for him just yet," said Ransom.

"What?" Dot asked. "But he's a spy."

"Yes, we know that," said Ransom. "And because we know that, he's about to become an asset to us and a liability to the people who have employed him, instead of the other way around."

"Who hired him?" Dot asked.

"He gets his checks from a shell company owned by another shell company registered in another country that is covertly owned by General Muffins," said Ransom.

"Those rotten bastards," said Dot.

"Right," said Ransom. "So we're going to get back at General Muffins. And we need your help on that. We need you to develop a product, or better yet, a series of products, that looks like a sure-fire winner, but is actually a real loser,

something that will send a company's balance sheets plunging toward the red. Can you do that?"

"Yes, in fact, on several occasions I have almost done that here, accidentally," Dot said wryly.

"Good," said Ransom. "We want you to develop these products for us, and to show every sign that we're going to implement them. Novak will of course send reports about them to General Muffin, who will move fast to beat us to the punch in the marketplace. Hopefully, it will cost them big time before they figure out that we're feeding them poison pills disguised as vitamins via Novak."

"That's... wonderful!" said Dot. "So fiendish! I love it!"

"It's a very old trick," Ransom said.

"But still a goodie!" Chloe chimed in. She liked saying that.

"This is going to be so much fun!" Dot said.

"Yes, it will," said Ransom. "But it's also going to have to be very secret. Because if Novak gets even a whiff of the fact that we're on to him, it's all going to be useless."

"Ah," said Dot. "Well, should be easy for me, I hardly ever see him or talk to him."

"Yeah, but you are going to be mad at him, knowing he's secretly working against us while pretending to be an honest employee," said Ransom. "You absolutely cannot let any of your anger or betrayal show. The man you know as Novak is an experienced and successful industrial spy. He'll definitely pick up on anything like that if you let it through."

"As I said, I hardly ever meet with him or talk with him," said Dot. "I don't know that much about programming. Gloria has some background in information science from her social media work, she's sort of our interpreter for Novak. I hope he hasn't corrupted her."

"There's no information that he has corrupted Gloria, and we don't think he has," said Ransom.

"Great," said Dot.

"It would be a very good idea to keep this secret from anyone who works closely with Novak," said Ransom, "not because they'll be corrupted, but because all it will take is just the wrong word, the wrong tone of voice, the wrong expression, to get Novak thinking he's under suspicion. And it's going to be hard for anyone

who works regularly with Novak to avoid doing that over time.”

“It’s mostly just Gloria,” said Dot. “He doesn’t socialize much, at work or off work. Weird, you’d think a spy would be very sociable, talking to everyone so he can get information.”

“That’s not how Novak works,” said Ransom. “He’s an IT guy for a reason. He compromised our entire computer network. He knew what each department was doing, every detail of our finances. And of course he gave away all our products under development and pricing information to General Muffins. It’s no wonder they’ve been outdoing us in the marketplace. Novak didn’t have to talk with anyone to get all of this information, and it would have been a risk for him to do so, because of course it’s all over for him if he makes a single slip of the tongue. Which is exactly why he’s unsociable.”

“Ah,” said Dot.

“That will work to our advantage, though,” said Ransom, “now that we are the ones who don’t want to give things away to him. You can just pick one or two people from your department who don’t normally talk much with him to work on coming up with the bogus product and let the rest engage with him normally. He’ll never notice, probably.”

“Ah, so I just work with one or two people in secret on the bogus product then we launch the product normally,” said Dot.

“Yes,” said Ransom. “And we are going to secretly give you and whoever you come up with a completely sandboxed area to store your data and do you communicating about the project on. You’ll be using that exclusively for your project’s products until you are ready to pretend to be launching them.”

“The thing is, you need to come up with a product that would fool you,” said Chloe. “Just because they steal a product from us, General Muffin won’t assume that it’s a good product. They’ll test it as thoroughly as they would any other potential product, and if they find a flaw, they’ll deep six it and all our subterfuge will be for nothing.”

“Subterfuge, eh?” Dot asked.

“Yes,” said Ransom. “And while it would be nice to give General Muffin a whole host of products, it’s unlikely that they’ll be fooled more

than once. As I said, this is an old trick. But it would be nice to make their espionage cost them.”

“Can’t we sue them or something?” Dot asked.

“No,” said Chloe. “We looked into that. We were able to trace Novak’s payments to General Muffin enough to be comfortable that they are his employer, but we can’t make a legal case that he is.”

“Plus, any fines or damages that we get against General Muffin will be pocket change to them,” said Ransom. “They’ll just chalk it up to the cost of doing business.”

“It’s like all the judgments the US government got against US banks for blatantly illegal things like laundering money for the Mexican drug cartels,” Chloe said. “The money the banks lost was just pocket change compared to the money they made by laundering money for the cartels.”

“It just seems wrong that they can get away with this,” said Dot.

“It is,” said Chloe. “But a lot of things are wrong in the world, and this ranks pretty low on the list, actually.”

“I suppose so,” said Dot.

“This is all the more reason for you to come up with a product that will stove a hole in General Muffins’ balance sheets,” Ransom said.

“Stove a hole?” Dot asked.

“Archaic term,” Ransom said. “Means to make a huge hole in something, like stoving in the side of a ship.”

“Ah,” said Dot. “I was wondering what stoves had to do with holes. I didn’t know you spoke archaic.”

Ransom smiled. “Ancient literature is a hobby of mine.”

Chloe smiled. Dot was in her 20s and clearly was not much of a recreational reader, whereas Ransom was middle-aged and had a taste for classics.

When Dot left, eager to start plotting Novak’s downfall, Chloe asked Novak, “What else have you come up with to plug the leaks Novak represents?”

“We’ve got some people in accounting developing fake pricing data for Novak to steal,” said Ransom. “He doesn’t work with any of them ordinarily, so keeping it from him will be much easier. Other than that, there’s not much to do.”

There's not a lot other information in our network that would be useful to a competitor."

"You think we'll really be able to trick General Muffins into sinking a lot of money into a flawed product?" Chloe asked.

"Probably not," said Ransom. "But it's worth trying. Won't take much in terms of time and effort and gives our people a way to strike back."

"Definitely a morale-builder," Chloe agreed. "And by the way, thanks for sending a sweeper over to check our house for bugs. It's nice to know we're clean, and that our tablets and phone are clean, except for "the usual NSA surveillance" as your report phrased it. Frankly I was surprised to learn that the NSA had any interest in us."

"Almost certainly, they do not," said Ransom. "The NSA keep records of the metadata of all calls made in the US, so they know every call every person in the US has made, who the call was made to and its duration. That would include you and me. They also track all the posts on social media and all the sites visited on social media, by everyone. It's a very wide net. That's what's meant by 'the usual NSA stuff.'"

"That's all they do?" Chloe said. "Seems kind of pointless. Huge amounts of data, very hard to manage, I imagine."

"That's not quite all the NSA does," said Ransom. "They also provide audio records of calls made by 20,000 or so Americans at the request of various federal and state agencies, and local law enforcement as well."

"Ah," said Chloe. "Any law enforcement person that has to listen to our phone calls is going to be extremely bored, I'm afraid."

"It's the biggest problem in intelligence, so much chaff, so little wheat," said Ransom. "And all that metadata the NSA collects, petabytes of the stuff, almost all of it gets dumped into a big hard drive and forgotten about forever, because it's exactly as dull as you think it is."

"Let's try to keep General Muffins entertained, in any event," said Chloe.

"It will be fun trying," Ransom said.

Chapter 20

“Not as much as I’d like an official badge and a decoder ring.”

“OK, we can talk safely now,” Chloe said to Fred that evening as they sat on their favorite lounge chair.

“It’s good to keep our plans for world domination a secret,” said Fred. “Why is it safe now?”

“My security team sent a couple of men out to sweep our house for bugs,” said Chloe. “They were disguised as the pest control guys who came by on Thursday. We came out clean, as I suspected.”

“Is this more of that General Muffins spy stuff?” Fred asked.

“Only tangentially,” said Chloe. “The General Muffins spy was the pretext to get the bug sweepers out here. They were checking for bugs of any sort. I didn’t care if General Muffins had us bugged, I was more concerned about US government agencies. We came out clean in any event. Except the NSA has records of our phone calls, like they do of everybody else in America.”

“They must be easily amused,” Fred observed.

“Yeah, it’s kind of mind-boggling that they bother, but they do,” said Chloe.

“So this is actually about that whole collar climax thing,” Fred said.

“Yes,” said Chloe. “There was a small but distinct chance that I would be bugged by the CIA or the FBI because I had been to Collar World and was rich.”

“Seems like a very low barrier for planting a bug on you,” Fred said.

“The various governments are freaked out about the collar climax,” said Chloe. “They’d be even more freaked if they knew an Earth woman had one.”

“If you had one, you probably aren’t the only woman on Earth to have one,” Fred said.

“Possibly, but the trainers on Collar World seemed pretty certain that no one on Earth has had one,” said Chloe.

“That could be a disinformation thing,” said Fred. “Hiding their advantages.”

“Could be, Chloe said. “But I don’t think so.”

“Why not?” Fred asked.

“Because implicit in your argument is the notion that Collar World wants to take over Earth, and they don’t.”

“Why are you so sure of that?” Fred asked.

“Did a trainer say they didn’t?”

“No,” said Chloe. “They don’t want to take over Earth because they haven’t taken over Earth. They could easily have done it already, if they wanted to. In fact, the smart time to launch an invasion would have been when they had gate technology and we didn’t. They could have reduced all our cities to rubble and destroyed all our nukes, and we wouldn’t have been able to touch Collar World. If they had ambitions to conquer Earth, that would have been the time to do it. Not now.”

“I’m not following,” said Fred. “Sure, we have gates to their world now, but they still have tech we can’t match. We’d lose to them in any kind of war scenario.”

“If there was any kind of war we would lose, true, but we could do some very evil things to them now,” Chloe said. “Like, say, open up a new gate, send a dirty bomb with a ten-second timer on it through, then close the gate. It might not kill a lot of people immediately, but there would be a cloud of radioactive dust that would persist for months, maybe years. Or they could send through some tailored biological weapons. They’d still lose the war, but millions might die. And frankly, if the Collar World people really wanted all of us to die, all they have to do is wait. They really do think we are headed for extinction.”

“So if they don’t want to invade us or take over, why would our intelligence agencies be paranoid about them?” Fred asked.

“Because the intelligence agencies aren’t here to protect humanity in general, just that portion of humanity that holds political power in the governments that employ them,” said Chloe. “And some of those people will see anyone who can defeat them as a threat. And as you have pointed out, the Collar World forces can defeat anything Earth has right now, and for the foreseeable future.”

“And they’re freaked out by the collar climax, because collar climax women are smarter than Earth men and women,” said Fred. “Which I totally understand, by the way.”

“From personal experience?” Chloe asked.

“Yes,” Fred said. “You keep saying you haven’t become a genius because of all this collar climax stuff, but something sure is going on. You never used to care about politics or climate change or anything like that before. All you cared about was running your business and your family. And cooking, but that was part of the whole business thing.”

“I’m not going to say I haven’t been changed by the collar climax,” said Chloe. “I have, I admit it. I see things more clearly now. And I’m a lot less emotional about what I see. And overall, I’m much happier.”

“Happier?” Fred asked. “You don’t act happier.”

“But I am,” said Chloe. “I’m calm and I’m happy. I have a sort of background joy running all the time now. I wish you could feel it, Fred, it’s wonderful. It’s like when I fell in love with you, only more focused and yet more wide-ranged, somehow.”

“That makes a lot of sense,” said Fred.

“I know,” said Chloe. “I’m trying to describe a mental state I’ve never felt before, maybe one that no one on Earth has ever felt before. Words literally don’t exist. In fact, if it weren’t for hearing about it on Collar World, the concept wouldn’t exist. I’d know something has happened to me, but I wouldn’t know what. And I’m not far from that as it is.”

“Is that what’s been making you seem so calm all the time?” Fred asked. “I mean, you’ve never exactly been a nervous wreck, but lately you aren’t fazed by anything.”

“I think so, Fred,” said Chloe. “I’m not calm because I’m disengaged, or don’t have any emotions, I’m calm because I have this wonderful emotion combined with a certain mental clarity.”

“Which is definitely not genius,” Fred said. “Did this mental state get you all interested in climate change?”

“Yes, sort of,” said Chloe. “Do you want to know how it happened?”

“Oh, definitely,” said Fred.

“One of the very predictable effects of the telomere reset we underwent that reversed our aging processes was that we’re going to live longer,” said Chloe. “I understood this to some extent earlier, that’s why I went to the Collar World clinic: I knew that if I didn’t get rid of the fat, I would be fat for many more decades of life. Many, many more decades, and that thought was intolerable, much more intolerable than the thought of spending months stripped naked, gagged, bound, caged and fucked by machines.”

“Yeah, I remember that,” said Fred.

“And that was me doing what I normally do, thinking in terms of myself and those immediately around me, because that’s who I was,” said Chloe. “But there’s another obvious implication of our extended lives that I confronted once I had the collar climax. And that is that all the horrible things that climate change is going to do to the Earth and all the people living on it are going to be personally experienced by us, Fred. You, me and Molly, we are very likely to be around to experience them.”

“Ah,” said Fred.

“That’s right,” said Chloe. “Ah. The Collar Worlders warned me that Earth is headed for terrible times, and our climate scientists have been doing the same forever, of course. That’s why I got interested in climate change. I want to protect us from its effects as much as possible. And the best way to do that seems to be to mitigate the effects as much as possible. Because it’s too late to stop it at this point. It is happening now. It will happen in the future. How bad it gets is still up for grabs. It might kill us all. It might destroy human civilization. It might just kill millions. That’s the optimistic scenario, by the way. Billions is where the smart money would be placing its bets right now, maybe without the destruction of human civilization in the mix. More likely with it. And I’d like us and incidentally everyone else, to suffer from it as little as possible.”

“Looks that bad, does it?” Fred asked.

“Yes,” said Chloe. “That bad. Of course, being wealthy Americans in the temperate zone, Molly, you and I will likely escape the worst effects of climate change. But I am pretty sure our quality of life will degrade somewhat, probably greatly, just because the rest of the planet is going to go to hell.

And of course we could all die if the wars and revolutions that are almost inevitable hit wherever we take shelter. That's why I've gotten interested in climate change."

"Ah," said Fred. "I knew climate change was supposed to be bad, but it seemed kind of, I dunno... something the government will eventually get around to taking care of."

"Yes, eventually, way too eventually," said Chloe. "Most Earth governments aren't even at the 'promise we're going to get on this immediately making it a top priority' stage yet. And that should have happened a couple of decades ago, really."

"And this is really going to happen, you think?" Fred asked.

"I think so, because all the climate scientists think so," said Cissie. "I think the number is like 97% who say that climate change is going to really screw up life on Earth if it's not dealt with. There's some debate over how bad it's going to get, and just how fast, but no debate at all that it's coming fast and it's going to be awful, one way or another. And these are climate scientists, Fred. They're not like politicians or media people. Their natural inclination is to understate things, not overstate them. Hell, you should understand about that. They're like engineers."

"Oh, shots fired!" Fred said, laughing.

"You know what I meant," said Chloe, smiling.

"Ok, I take your point," said Fred. "So this whole climate change thing has been part of your love for your family, you've just moved the parameters of what you need to do to protect us."

"Yes, except I'm not the one who moved the parameters," said Chloe. "The Earth did. And science did. We might have died before the shit hit the fan in the atmosphere, if it weren't for the whole aging reversal thing. Would have been a terrible thing to do to Molly and especially her kids, but there it is."

"Well at least Molly's been helping," said Fred.

"Sure, she's been helping," Chloe agreed, "and I'm glad of that. Problem is, what she's been doing, while it helps people caught up in climate change, will do nothing to affect the climate change itself. That's where we need to be working."

“OK, collar climax didn’t make a genius out of you, but it did make you smarter than me, because I didn’t see this coming, and as an engineer, I should have,” said Fred. “And that makes you an almost genius in my book.”

“If you insist,” Chloe said, a smile ghosting her lips.

“I do insist,” said Fred. “So, you have a plan cooked up?”

“I personally don’t, but of course the Earth climate scientists have been on this for decades, and they’ve got all kinds of good, useful ideas,” said Chloe. “The Collar World people haven’t been working on it as long, since they foresaw it on their world before it became a problem and kept it from happening. But they do have more advanced tech than us. So I expect there is more that can be done, once we get the fossil fuel people out of power.”

“Oh, yeah, I’ll get right on that,” said Fred.

“I know, it’s going to be a bitch, but it absolutely has to be done,” said Chloe. “They’ve been strangling the planet for decades and fighting meaningful action against climate change while they were at it. And I won’t have to do it alone, of course.”

“Well of course not, you’ll have me to guide you and protect you,” said Fred.

“Oh, that goes without saying, of course, Master,” said Chloe. “I am going to need a LOT of fucking.”

“And guidance,” Fred said.

“Yes, Master,” said Chloe. “Especially if you have me hooded while you’re fucking me.”

“Since when are you able to move when I’m fucking you?” Fred asked. “You’re always tied down like an animal. A hood won’t make a difference.”

“What if it had an opening with a ring gag in it, I’d need guidance to find your cock, Master,” Chloe asked.

“We’re going to have to test this stuff out, mine,” Fred said. “Go the playroom, strip naked, strap in a vibrator and turn it on and await me.”

“Yes, Master,” said Chloe, her eyes alight.

Fred smiled and got out a book. He tried to read for a good twenty minutes, but he was distracted and put it down in less than two minutes

and headed for the playroom. He knew what was waiting for him. No book could compete with that.

Five days later, a woman showed up at Chloe's house in a maid service car. Fred let her in and sent her to Chloe. He smiled as she headed for Chloe's study. He knew why she was here.

"It's so nice to meet you Anim," said Chloe as offered her a chair.

"It's good to meet you, Chloe," said Anim. She was a tanned woman who could have passed for a Latina, being short and curvy, with jet black hair and brown eyes. Collar World had Latina-equivalents, in fact, most people on Collar World were black or some shade of brown, because they got out in the sun so much. "Tell me about your collar climax."

"Sure," said Chloe, and she told the whole story, her experiences where it was occurring and her subsequent feelings and behavior.

"So what do you think?" Chloe asked.

"Sounds plausible," said Anim. "Let's take a test and see." She reached into her bag and hauled out a test and handed it to Chloe, then put a timer out on the desk.

"Just answer as many questions as you can in the next 30 minutes," said Anim. "It would be best if you can answer all of them, if you don't know the answer, make your best guess."

She handed Chloe the papers and a pen.

"Go," she said, pressing the timer.

"Sure," Chloe said, and she took the test, answering the questions as best she could. On a surprisingly large number of questions, she had no idea what the answer was, so she just put in the closest thing to an answer she could. There were questions on math, history, science, current events, logic puzzles and general knowledge questions.

Chloe had never taken an IQ test but this seemed like the sort of test someone would give you to get a general impression of how intelligent you were. She did her best but did not get all the questions answered when the buzzer rang. She didn't even come close.

She dropped the pen and slid the papers over to Anim, who pulled out a marking pen and a sheet of answers and proceeded to grade the test. When she was done she turned off the timer, which lit up with a series of letters and numbers.

“OK, looks like you have had a collar climax, good for you,” said Anim, smiling.

“I don’t see how that test could tell you that,” said Chloe. “In fact, it seemed a little bogus. What really went on here?”

“The test itself wasn’t important,” Anim said. “The timer isn’t really a timer, it’s a device that remotely monitored your pulse, your blood pressure and your oxygen uptake. We were looking for indicators of stress. Your numbers revealed next to no stress, which is what we would expect from a collar climax girl.”

“I might be on tranquilizers,” said Chloe.

“You’re not,” said Anim. “Any tranquilizer strong enough to produce such a pronounced lack of anxiety would have other effects that would have shown up to our monitor.”

“Well you have me, I’m not on tranquilizers,” said Chloe.

“Congratulations,” said Anim. “Now, what can we Collar World folk do for you? I understand you’re concerned about climate change.”

“Yes, the whole human extinction/end of human civilization thing is a concern to me, personally, since my potential lifespan has increased greatly,” said Chloe. “Same with my family. Of course, being wealthy we’ll probably do better than most people, but human extinction means we die, too.”

“I wish more of your politicians grasped that last point,” Anim said with a sigh. “They’re all getting the telomere treatment, but they’re still sitting around doing nothing when they should be running at top speed. And of course many of them are actively opposing attempts to fight or mitigate climate change.”

“I’ve noticed that,” Chloe said dryly. “What I want to know from you is how I can go about fighting it effectively. I figure Collar World has been working on this a lot longer than I personally have. I know that climate scientists on Earth have been working on this a lot longer than you have. I know that I have resources and abilities that could help you. What I want to know is where I can be most effective in mitigating climate change, without endangering myself or my family greatly.”

Anim nodded. She didn’t mention that climate change would endanger Chloe and her family greatly if unchecked. Clearly, Chloe knew the

stakes. That was why she had bought the burner phone and made the call to the kennels and asked to be tested. There would be no need for recruiting here. Chloe had had the collar climax.

“Things are perhaps not as grim as you fear, but we can definitely use some help,” said Anim. She reached into her purse and pulled out a USB stick and said, “Load the contents of that into one of your computers. Might want to get a new one that doesn’t have any personal information on it. No Earth agency is watching you specifically at the moment, but as you have surmised, they do routinely monitor communications traffic for everyone who goes to Collar World. This will let you slide around any surveillance they might place on you and communicate with us. Also, I’m going to put some devices on all your windows that will prevent any external eavesdropping.”

“OK, I suppose, but what do you mean?” Chloe asked.

“Every window is an amplifier, if you have the right kind of electronic ear,” said Anim. “We can fix that.”

“All right,” said Chloe.

“Now if you have an emergency, if you or your husband gets grabbed by some intelligence agency or anyone, there will be a dead man’s switch on your computer once the software on the USB stick is loaded in,” said Anim. “If you don’t enter the code it gives you once every 24 hours without letting us know you won’t be able to, we’ll set up rescue ops for you.”

“That’s good to know,” said Chloe. “But I’m not sure I merit that.”

“You’re the first Earth woman to experience collar climax,” said Anim. “We are interested in you. And you’re an ally. We help our allies. It’s been nice meeting you, but this has been long enough for a maid interview. I look forward to talking with you again.”

“It’s been good meeting you,” said Chloe. “I have to ask though: have you had a collar climax?”

“Of course,” said Anim. “You might have been able to deceive someone who hasn’t had it, but you can’t deceive me. You’re a collar climax girl like me. Would you like to know the secret handshake?”

“Not as much as I’d like an official badge and a decoder ring,” Chloe replied.

Anim smiled.

“See?” she said. “It’s so easy to tell when someone is kidding you when you’ve had the collar climax.”

And with those words, she left.

Chloe smiled and put the USB stick in her desk. She suddenly felt a lot better about the future. Maybe she didn’t have a secret decoder ring and badge, but she had something a lot more important: a pathway to a better future. And there was that wonderful Master of hers. Life seemed full of possibility.

The End

About Pat Powers

Pat Powers may not be the most interesting man in the world, but when he writes about himself in third person, he tries to give that impression.

Powers is perhaps the most famous writer that no one has ever heard of. In his career, he has amassed a fortune in words, primarily words like “throbbing.” Pat Powers lives in the Deep South. He has seen personally seen alligators, bears, rattlesnakes, water moccasins and copperheads in the wild, and has been personally bitten by turtles, snakes, birds, ants, yellow jackets, wasps, bees, and once, a dog. Clearly, the wild thinks Pat Powers is delicious. You can check out his blog at <http://patpowersrocks.blogspot.com/> You can email Pat Powers at patpowers1995@yahoo.com.

Books And Stories By Pat Powers On Smashwords

[The Honey Trapp Adventures: Sex Slave & Climate Change Fighter](#)

This collection includes two novels and two novellas full of kinky slavegirl climate-fighting action! Included are: “The Naked Jungle,”

“England Goes Boom!” “Greek Harem” and “Louisiana Slay Ride.” It’s 115,000+ words of adventure as Honey Trapp foils the plans of fossil fuel oligarchs around the world while slaking her kinky slavegirl lust with one alpha male dominant after another

Erotic Slavegirls Of Outer Space – The Novel

Join Dita and Maria, two hot, sexy escaped sex slaves, as they romp through a galaxy filled with competing interstellar empires, artificial intelligences, aliens, space pirates, hair's-breadth escapes from bondage and hot, sexy humanoid men with whom they can slake their steamy sexual bondage desires. It's just plain fun, like watching a 1980s sexy SF B-movie, minus the stupid, plus kinky sex that ranges from the mild to the wild!

The Jinkie Jenkins Adventures: Books 1-3

Virginal Jinkie Jenkins is on the sex beat for the Interstellar Inquirer. But she really wants to be on the crime beat, covering the kidnapping of Alderan, an entire planet. With her promiscuous, knowledgeable sex slave hotmeat, she goes from one disgusting sex hole to another in search of sexual experiences ... and Alderan. This story collection is 110,000 words long.

So This Is My Life Now

When a high-powered corporate exec discover that lower tier employees are inexplicably happy, she investigates and thanks to a mysterious new kind of brain implant, shortly thereafter somehow becomes a sex slave to the Lesbian Janissaries of the Thongan Resistance! It's lesbian BDSM erotica with a science fiction flair!

Other Books and Stories By Pat Powers

(Published Elsewhere Than Smashwords)

Stolen Collar, Stolen Heart

A very kinky young adult contemporary erotic romance novel. Kit, the alpha male heir of a billionaire, and Coyote, the alpha male MMA champion, both want brilliant English Lit student Donna in their collars. But ... what does Donna want ... and how much will what Donna wants depend on the mysterious powers of the collar to change a woman's mind?

Arena Of Shame And Glory

Novel-length stand-alone sequel to Mall of Shame and Glory. The success of mall pits of humiliation has led to a new kind of punishment for shoplifting at a mall: you can become an arena prize girl, who will be used sexually in front of everyone at an arena near the mall, by the winner of a Mixed Martial Arts contest. When Kim Kasparian's scheming mother decides to give her career as a celebrity a boost by making an arena prize girl of her, it's a win-win for everybody, but her old study buddy from high school who's now a Mixed Martial Arts pro fighter has plans of his own.

The Lovonian Honey Trap

Spy thriller – Sexual bondage, consensual sex slavery, pony girls, public sex, public nudity

The Love Slave Robot War: Books 1-3

Science Fiction, robots, sex slavery, sexual bondage

The Final Veil

Detective thriller. Alpha male, sex slavery, sexual bondage, stripper

Run, Sluts, Run! See Sluts Run!

Compilation of three short stories about sex slaves who race. Includes "The Slut Run," "Office Slave" and "Slut Race 3250!" Humor, sex slavery, sexual bondage

Tiny, Big

Fantasy. Lesbianism, sex slavery, sexual bondage.